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This is gonna hurt like hell: A Pentecostal student enters the academy

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THIS GONNA HURT LIKE HELL:
A PENTECOSTAL STUDENT ENTERS THE ACADEMY

BY

STEPHEN R. BARRETT
BA, Miami University, 1987
MA, Florida State University, 1990

DISSERTATION

Submitted to the University of New Hampshire
in Partial Fulfillment of
the Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

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DEDICATION

For Tyler, my nephew, a five-year-old Pentecostal

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ABSTRACT

THIS IS GONNA HURT LIKE HELL: A PENTECOSTAL STUDENT ENTERS THE ACADEMY

by

Stephen R. Barrett

University of New Hampshire, December, 1997

The little that has been written about expressions of religious experience in the field of Composition Studies focuses on the many ways religious belief places its adherents at a disadvantage in writing classrooms. We discuss in our journals and staffrooms only those religious conservatives who are most expressive of their beliefs. Many others sit in silence during discussions that may reveal anything of their beliefs, fearing to offend teachers and peers or to expose themselves to offenses from others. Unfortunately, these silent students contribute little or nothing to our understanding of the abilities of faith-centered students. Many are writing with distinction, engaging with ideas and with their peers with enthusiasm, and exercising skillfully the conventions of the classroom and academic discourse—in fine, performing in all the ways much of our discourse on faith-identified students suggests they cannot do. Additionally, many faith-identified students come to the academy with a critical consciousness postmodern compositionists are at pains to instill in their peers who identify more fully with dominant culture.

Within ongoing dialectics in Composition Studies about discourse,

ideology, culture, and literacies, too little has been written about the discourses, cultures, and literacies of religious conservative students, and, more importantly, almost none of what has been written is written *by* such a student. This study begins to rectify that situation. Making use of Cultural and Literacies Studies theories and methods, I reexamine my own experiences as a twenty-three year old, working-class, displaced Appalachian, Pentecostal, first-year student entering the academy. Finally, I look at the debate between epistemic, expressivist, and postmodern pedagogies from the perspective of faith-centered students who (often) remain marginalized by any and all of these writing pedagogies.

I am tempted . . . to remain within what Foucault called 'the established order of things'--pedagogical things, liberal educational things. I am drawn to affirm the timelessness of what I have come to love over the years, of what I choose to think of as the very sources of my self. Allowing myself to be carried along by the great conversation initiated by others (and, indeed, maintained by others), I do not have to disrupt it. I do not have to begin anything; I need only be swept along by what the great ones have said and remain partly submerged.

But then I think of how much beginnings have to do with freedom, how much disruption has to do with consciousness and the awareness of possibility. And I think that if I truly want to provoke others to break through the limits of the conventional and the taken-for-granted, I myself have to experience breaks with what has been established in my own life; I have to keep arousing myself to begin again.

Maxine Green

"Teaching for Openings: Pedagogy as Dialectic"¹

PART ONE
THOSE LITTLE NAZIS

JOURNAL ENTRY²
January 1985

. . . Yesterday afternoon I went back to the farm and walked through fields of dry, brittle weeds as tall as my eyes and across the frozen creek and I gazed through forests of thorn trees that looked shellacked and sparkled in the cool sunlight. I cried as I walked along the creek and up to the house. I stood outside, leaning on the window sill into my grandparents' bedroom and saw the wallpaper for the first time with big pink roses and smaller cream and brown ones. A Father's Day card was splayed on the floor, among the dirt and rubbish, as was one of my grandfather's houseshoes and two old pair of pants. The porch has fallen and hangs like a black veil across the house. The floors and ceilings have collapsed and the front wall is leaning back. All the windows are broken out completely--glass and frames--and the yard is full of tall, dry cockleburrs.

It's a quiet, lonely place visited only by the wind and cold. Thorns, thorns, thorns. Everywhere we played thorns thrive. The chicken coop has fallen and the thorns that grow there now are incredible. Tall and thick. Thorns on the hills and in the woods. And nowhere that I searched could I find the names I longed to find--Arthur Barrett and, especially, Bertha Barrett. Nowhere. The thorns had swallowed up Prince's bones. And the creek has washed away Spot's small

grave. The ledges Nathan used to dive from, with one of Grandma's butter knives between his teeth, have fallen into the creek and the course of the creek has changed in spots. Our tree at the edge of the woods on the bank above the creek has washed away, and thorns sprung up in every footprint we left behind us.

CHAPTER ONE

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Spring 1997

"... if we look at the secular university as a separate culture in itself, outwardly religious individuals must be considered in the minority. And, as is frequently revealed in the attitudes and discourse of this culture's majority, religious individuals suffer injustices within the university comparable, in certain respects, to those encountered by minority groups in American culture at large.

Ronda Leathers Dively

"Religious Discourse in the Academy"³

A colleague at the University of New Hampshire, like me a PhD candidate in the Composition and Literature program and a teaching assistant--I'll call her Sheila--tells me she has suggested to our writing program administrator that the teaching staff devote a meeting to "creation myths." Her suggestion is in response to a paper she received in which a benighted student mistakes Adam and Eve for historical figures.

The phrase, "creation myths" strikes me as a curious one. Why not a staff meeting on students who believe in Adam and Eve, if that's the point? Why the plural? What other creation myths are first-year writing students at UNH invoking? Is this an attempt to be inclusive--or *indirect*, in the middle-class sense of indirection revealed by Lisa Delpit and Shirley Brice Heath and perhaps given

best expression by Peter Elbow, the taking care not to touch one's meaning with one's naked fingers? Does my colleague intend, for instance, to include in this staffroom exchange the still evolving "myth" of Big Bang? And what of perhaps even more persistent personal "myths," like those of my grandparents and parents, like that of Alan and the angels, that go into the creation of each of us?

What troubles me most about my colleague's response to her student is, yes, its disproportion--the weight of the entire first-year writing staff (and, by extension, the university and the state) brought to bear, if only metaphorically, on this one student and her work--but also its genesis in someone whose own research and pedagogy are informed by culturally critical theories (in Sheila's case, most particularly feminist theories). Such a teacher would be wary, I want to think, of invoking what Lani Guinier quite rightly calls "the tyranny of the majority"--in this instance, a comfortably assumed majority in academic culture--to persuade this student to revise or abandon a paper (and the beliefs that inform it?).

Nonetheless, my response to Sheila's proposal isn't surprise that she made it, but that she does not recognize how many staff meetings on this particular topic we have had already, nor the soothing-for-her tone these talks usually take. This isn't to suggest that students like Sheila's, students like me, were the intended topics of these staff exchanges. It just turns out that way. Time and

time again. Here and at other universities where I have been a grad student and a teaching assistant. And I always sit through these exchanges in silence. In hiding. In pain. Just as I do now, as Sheila talks.

CHAPTER TWO

THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS: AN UPDATE

It is well known that great scholars who have shown the most pitiless acerbity in their criticism . . . have yet been of a relenting and indulgent temper in private life; and I have heard of a learned man meekly rocking the twins in the cradle with his left hand, while with his right he inflicted the most lacerating sarcasms on an opponent

George Eliot
*Adam Bede*⁴

s has been noted by Marsha Penti and Ronda Leathers Dively, the little that **A** has been written about expressions of religious experience in the field of Composition focuses on the many ways religious belief places its adherents at a disadvantage in writing classrooms. The more personally significant and explicit the belief, the greater the disadvantage. To read the literature and to hear the talk of many in Composition, one would think faith-centered students think without sophistication and write without skill. The more conservative among them are constructed as anti-intellectual, scripturally literal, intolerant of other belief systems and of difference generally, emotional in emphasis, rigid, and disdainful of theoretical scientific thought. Their thinking is construed as manichaeian or as otherwise archaic, their rhetoric as evangelical, even

aggressive. In fine, they come across as a class distinguished by their lack of distinction as classroom performers and as individuated human beings.

Religious conservatives are "fanatical"(27), as Robert Yagelski tells us, saddled with a "self-imposed mission to spread the good word" (26); their papers soiled, in the case of conservative Christians, as Chris Anderson tells us, with "Christian cliché," with "easy armchair Christianity"(24), and their intellectual development stymied by adherence to their faiths, as a lecturer quoted by Dively states (92).

What strikes me most about complaints regarding religiously conservative students is the implicit assumption that no one reading our journals, attending our conferences, seated in our staff meetings, or sharing teaching experiences at the water cooler is or ever was a religious conservative. Colleagues complain to me of students whom they refer to variously as "Christian Coalition students," "my little fundamentalists," and even "those little Nazis." Particularly stinging are such constructions from colleagues who are otherwise advocates for undergraduates, instructors, and others relatively disinherited within academic culture, and whose emphases in their classrooms are multicultural, postmodern, or otherwise culturally critical. When I've listened without responding in any significant way, as in the past I often have, fearing to reveal my own checkered past, I've felt complicitous. I've felt slimy. I've felt just as I would had I partaken of a racism.

This isn't to say there aren't bright spots in our discourse on such students. though even in the few most promising articles, Compositionists take as great pains to distinguish themselves from the religious conservative students they describe as they do to encourage greater tolerance for these students. For instance, Dively describes as "unbridled rage" the response of a teaching assistant to a paper by a faith-centered first-year student, a paper presented to a group of teaching assistants during a session devoted to classroom frustrations. Dively states that she was "quite disturbed" by a number of participants who explicitly refused to address with any seriousness "any written expression of religious faith regardless of how it is discursively situated." Unfortunately, this report comes only after Dively has assured readers that "[she], too, [has] been exasperated from time to time by the dogmatic expressions of inexperienced writers who are struggling to articulate their faith" (91). In another instance, Chris Anderson makes the same double move. He shares his upset when a teaching assistant proposes a "frontal attack" as a response to a student paper expressing Christian belief, then confesses his own uneasiness, his own embarrassment, with discourse he describes as "that of the fundamentalist, of the testimonial, of *Guideposts* magazine and Sunday morning television" (12).

I don't want to seem to be criticizing Compositionists who express a concern for students whose primary epistemologies are still constructed as at odds with those of even the multicultural academy. Dively's and Anderson's

responses to their charges, mixed though they are, shift attention from religious conservative students to teachers' responses to those students--an important shift, I think, and one I want to emphasize in the pages ahead. At the same time, I dwell on these passages by Dively and Anderson because they don't *reveal* a bias so much as *respond* to one: Dively and Anderson almost certainly must make this double move, for their readers demand it of them. It doesn't matter that the exasperation and embarrassment they describe actually occurred. That actuality only sharpens the point: an academic who is not made to feel exasperated or embarrassed by such discourse is, in a word, suspect.

As a grad student, Dively tells us, she participated in a seminar in which a lecturer unabashedly asserted, "At this point in our careers, most of us have abandoned our religious beliefs" (92). A mere statement of fact, some would say. I certainly came to assume as much and to be shaped by that assumption long ago. Like Dively's seminarian, I came to believe that

students at the master's and doctoral level of study are too intelligent and enlightened to maintain religious faith (as if there were only one kind even within the realm of a particular denomination) and that those who do believe are somehow 'behind' the others in their development as intellectuals. (92)

Apparently, so had a number of the professors I worked with over the years.

"Learning learns but one thing," Ron Garrett, a geography professor at Miami University-Middletown told his undergraduates, "to doubt." To become an academic is to believe in as little as possible. I suppose my own learning, in

Garrett's sense of the term, began with the doubt that there was anyone like me in the academy. Not that I was sharing anything of my religious heritage with anyone and therefore in any position to discover the truth one way or the other.

No one else was sticking her or his head up either that I could tell. The fact that at least two of my professors at MUM took polls before diminishing "fundamentalists" during lectures suggests there must have been others. The fact that no hand, including my own, was in the air in response to these two polls suggests we believers were, at best, few and far between, at worst, in hiding--from one another, in effect, as well as from everyone else.

During a discussion of Jonathan Edwards, an American Lit professor, Louis Burns, addressed the issue of contemporary "fundamentalism." Biblical literalists never die, it would seem; they just update the anecdotes in their sermons. Burns was just getting wound up when he paused suddenly to take a poll. I sat on my hands, and with obvious relief that none of us were fanatics, he revealed he'd learned to take polls after once lampooning a local radio evangelist, only to discover one of his students was the evangelist's niece. Then he recited for us some of the inanities religious conservative students had stated in his classes over the years: freed by Burns from the hands of an angry God, one student had said he could now kill anyone he wanted to. Things like that. Burns had reminded this student while he may no longer fear Hell, he certainly should consider whether he wanted to rot in jail. Burns' stories inspired laughter among

my peers. I twittered too, nervously, though my thoughts were still with the evangelist's niece. I too knew the evangelist Burns had referred to. He was a Pentecostal preacher. I had attended two different services where he had presided. Not that I ever told Louis Burns.

So much for polls. And so much for any hope to end my felt isolation.

In fact, portrayals of religious conservatives--as students and as a phenomenon in late twentieth-century American culture--remind me of nothing so much as portrayals of the Borg in Paramount's *Star Trek: the Next Generation*. Whatever else they may be, the Borg are a vision of religious conservatives left unchecked. As depicted in several episodes of the television series and in the 1996 film, *First Contact*, the Borg are a collective of technologically enhanced biological lifeforms--more machine than animal--only somewhat individuated and most certainly psychically linked. Particular Borg are to the collective as neurons are to the human brain.

At the same time, the Borg are the ultimate evangelicals. Their mantra is, "Resistance is futile." For the Borg have a utopian vision. They strive for perfection: in this case, taking all other lifeforms and technologies they encounter into the hive, linking them psychically, simultaneously acquiring from lifeforms and technology what the Borg perceive as useful and obliterating the rest. They do not collect specimens; they incorporate all the sentient lifeforms on the planets they encounter, leaving nothing, literally nothing, behind. In an episode of the

television series, an away team from the *Enterprise* stands on the rim of a chasm where only hours earlier a thriving civilization had stood, as if the Borg have removed the archeological heritage as well as the living culture of a civilization. Even the Romans, when they leveled, plowed under, and salted the earth of Carthage, left earlier manifestations of Carthaginian civilization in the strata below. Not so, the Borg. Their decimation of the landscape and of all record of a culture is analogous to their obliteration of all the post-Enlightenment West understands to be individual in a particular sentient specimen. Destroyed is the self and all upon which it is (or might again be) constructed.

As with Composition's student "fundamentalists," there's little or no reasoning with the Borg--though the Borg, at least, seem to be evolving in unprecedented ways themselves as they incorporate new lifeforms. Still, a lifeform is either Borg or non-Borg, and union with the collective is a transcendence of the limitations and imperfections of merely biological life. The Borg offer an existence in which "corruption has put on incorruption," as the Christian apostle Paul tells the first-century Christian community at Corinth. The great black cubical ships in which the Borg traverse the galaxy are cities set upon a hill, as it were, outposts in new lands, the inhabitants shed of and shedding whatever cultures they were a part of, "fully persuaded," as again Paul would say, of the rightness--in fact, the onliness--of their new existence, of their mission to spread the good word and of the futility of others' resistances to their mission.

The Borg are John Winthrop's Puritan New England as seen through the eyes of a Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Ralph Reed's post-revolutionary America as seen through the eyes of, well, a Paramount--Paramount as both corporation (and all we understand that term to mean as ethnographers of late twentieth-century Western culture) and national collective (un)conscious.

The analogy with space westerns isn't so far-fetched: Marsha Penti describes as "stereotypical cases" our portraits of faith-identified students in our journals (4). They are flat characters trapped in tired narratives--narratives borrowed, ironically, from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Protestant missionary tracts, among other sources. We discuss in our journals and staffrooms only those religious conservatives who are most expressive of their beliefs, those whom teachers have the least difficulty fitting into jars and placing on a shelf. Many others, like the Pentecostal student I was, sit in silence during discussions that may reveal anything of their beliefs that may offend teachers and peers or that may expose themselves to offenses from others. They sit in classrooms or, later, stand at drinking fountains, as I have as a teaching assistant, in silence. In some cases, they suffer while everything they have ever believed and connections with everyone they have ever cared about are unraveled. Unfortunately--and this is my point--these silent students contribute little or nothing to our knowledge or understanding of religious conservatives in the classroom or the abilities of such students. Many of these students are

performing well, writing with distinction, engaging with ideas and with their peers with enthusiasm, exercising skillfully the conventions of the classroom and of academic discourses, while at the same time effectively not revealing that their primary discourse community is a religious and conservative one. Some of the most gifted students in our writing courses, some of the most engaged and engaging, these students are not "anti-intellectual" and are no more dualistic in thought than are many of their nineteen-year-old peers who emphasize religious belief differently or not at all.⁵

What then can we say about the abilities of religious conservative students generally? Not much. Certainly not as much as we've been inclined to assert in the past.

CHAPTER THREE

CONVERSION, DECONVERSION, AND STANDING IN PLACE

'Ah, young man,' he observed, 'you'd have to get your head screwed on the t'other way before you could read what they read there.'

Thomas Hardy
*Jude the Obscure*⁶

The characterizations of religious conservatives I find in our journals strike me as all true and, at the same time, as all false. In a very real sense, the terms I find deployed don't mean anything. Not to religious conservatives, and, perhaps surprisingly, not to many of the persons (including some academics) who use them most frequently. For instance, Harvey Cox, Victor Thomas Professor of Religion at Harvard University, defines five terms which are often used as if they were more or less interchangeable: "born-again," "evangelical," "fundamentalist," "pentecostal," and "charismatic." ("Warring Visions" 62). He argues that fundamentalism and pentecostalism, in particular, differ at precisely that point where they are commonly assumed to agree--biblical literalism. He states that "Fundamentalists attach such unique authority to the letter of the . . . Scripture that they are suspicious of the pentecostals' stress on the immediate experience of the Spirit of God" (*Fire* 15). Likewise, Frederick Dale Bruner

asserts that ". . . the Pentecostal finds his [or her] distinct *raison d'être* in what for him [or her] is crucial: his [or her] faith in the supernatural, extraordinary, and visible work of the Holy Spirit in the post-conversion experience of the believer today as, [she or] he would insist, in the days of the apostles" (20).

All this raises the question, within the prevailing constructions of religious conservatives, how does one account for students and teachers like me? I am not only working-class and Pentecostal, but a graduate of vocational school rather than traditional high school and for years thereafter a plumber in the home-building industry, untouched by higher education. I was throughout this period a voracious reader, a national and international news junkie, a consumer of public television, and a writer of volume after volume of daily, reflective journal entries, frequently writing ten or more pages at a time. It would be a mistake to construct my experiences as somehow anomalous among those of working-class, appalachian Pentecostals, a move other academics commonly have made on my behalf, a move I've made myself in my own thinking and conversing in the past, a move, finally, I reject; for this strikes me as another of the mechanisms by which many of the religious conservatives in our classrooms are made invisible to us academics--the many who do not perform as we expect "fundamentalists" to perform. I can't emphasize this point enough--it runs so counter to one of the most cherished of American myths, certainly as expressed in much of our literature--I am not and have not been Sherwood Anderson's George Willard⁷ or

Hugh McVey⁸, oppressed within my family or community of origin, surrounded by what Thoreau might call builders of outhouses (in my case literally as well as metaphorically), stifled by small town life generally, and confident in my own superiority, dreaming of and then planning for my day of escape. The rebel with or without a cause. Rather, I possess qualities valued--and rewarded--by a number of academics from across the relatively narrow American political spectrum *because* my ancestors and I have been working-class, Appalachian, and Pentecostal, not *in spite of* these heritages. I am able to pursue a PhD and I have always been able to excel in my studies at all levels because of my own and my ancestors' proletarianism, Appalachianism, and Pentecostalism. In particular, my language skills and my critical perspective on dominant culture are grounded significantly in my reading and, more importantly, hearing read all my life the King James Version of the Bible. Those skills are grounded, as well, in my hearing told time and again the tales of a gifted Appalachian raconteur, my grandfather. Finally, I learned the work skills that helped assure my academic successes--foremost among them, the ability to take on tasks seemingly beyond my physical and intellectual abilities--at my father's and uncles' sides, first on my grandfather's farm and later on construction sites. This isn't to detract from the formal education I received; it is to emphasize how my teachers' tasks were made easier by heritages a number of them may have believed would only make those tasks more difficult.

Why then did it seem necessary at the time (to me and to others) that someone who entered Miami University--through the back door, as it were, via the Middletown branch campus--as a Pentecostal, the son and grandson and great-grandson of working-class Pentecostals, must leave that institution as an agnostic or an atheist--as, I suppose, a liberal humanist (I hadn't yet significantly encountered postmodernism)? Why does it still seem requisite to many of my colleagues that their students not just stifle, but relinquish their religious beliefs? I've introduced only some of the mechanisms at work; I'll speak to a number of others in the chapters ahead. For now, I think it important to emphasize I became doubly fire-baptized, first at Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle, then at Miami, the flames of one as intense as those of the other, and that often I feel what the two burned between them was any hope I might have had of happiness.

At MUM, I experienced a "deconversion," a term I'd like both to borrow and extend. In his analysis of autobiography and loss of faith, John Barbour contrasts deconversion with "secularization," the latter a more gradual "fading away" of beliefs, a sense over time that religious faith fails increasingly to inform the day-to-day events in a person's life. With secularization, religion simply ceases to matter. That's hardly the case with deconversion, a process more self-conscious, more definitive, and often more traumatic than is secularization.

Deconversion is, for Barbour, as resolute a process as conversion. In fact, as Barbour points out, one is simultaneously deconverted from one belief system,

one ideology, one discourse, and converted to--chooses to reason and behave in ways consistent with--another.⁹ Because of its self-consciousness, deconversion most often entails "doubt or denial of the truth of a [previously held] system of beliefs," "moral criticism of not only particular actions or practices but an entire way of life," "emotional upheaval," and "rejection of the community to which [the deconverted individual] belonged" (2). In a word, a certain *hostility* toward the community from which one is deconverted often obtains.

Nonetheless, as with most all human experience, deconversion is never quite as complete as is suggested here. Barbour acknowledges this. He cites Thomas Simmons, who, in *The Unseen Shore: Memories of a Christian Science Childhood*, speaks of an inherent "hangover identity" consequent upon deconversion, a sense of self part of which is still rooted in the ideologies of the community one has abandoned. In fact, this primary community determines the very shape an individual's deconversion will take: one's deconversion from a community is, in effect, an extension of one's earlier conversion to that community. Frank Turner makes this point in "The Victorian Crisis of Faith . . ." when he states,

Only a person with a firm faith can lose it in a problematic fashion, and he or she will lose it in a manner directly related to the character and expectations of the faith itself. In that respect the loss of faith or the modification of faith are inherently religious acts largely conditioned by and channeled through the spiritual categories and social expectations of the original community of faith. (161)

Certainly, my own deconversion from Pentecostalism was informed by my conversion to Pentecostalism. To give only one example, my deconversion, like my conversion, occurred in the space of a few moments. Certainly, those moments were the culmination of a years-long internal struggle, but as I had been taught all my life would be the case, I was "saved" in moments, moments I was fully cognizant of.¹⁰ Like many Pentecostals, I can point to the very hour. Likewise, I can (and later in this text will) point to the very hour Pentecostalism ceased to explain my self, others, and the world to me, the very moments Pentecostalism (and I) became something other than it (and I) had always been to me. As Turner suggests--and I don't know quite what to do with this--my loss of faith was very much an extension of my coming to faith, an "inherently religious [act] largely conditioned by and channeled through the spiritual categories and social expectations of the original community of faith."

I can't read Turner and Barbour without thinking about Composition theorist David Bartholomae, who advocates what strikes me as a deconversion experience for some writing students--specifically those students he and countless others describe as "basic writers," students with whom, as I've already suggested, faith-centered students are often elided. Specifically, Bartholomae refers to working-class students, first-generation college students, some of whom haven't benefited from the quantity and quality of writing instruction, at home and at school, as have more traditional (i.e., middle-class) and privileged

students.

As Bartholomae sees it, some working-class students should receive explicit instruction in those writing practices privileged in the academy. Not to do so, he argues, is to exacerbate and perpetuate the marginalization such students suffer.¹¹ Lisa Delpit, among others, makes a similar argument. And here's where my own quandary begins: while I value Bartholomae's critique of, say, expressivist pedagogies along these and other lines--all grounded in a resistance to the liberal humanist assumptions informing expressivist pedagogies--I'm very concerned that there can be little, if any, of the working "within and against" discourse communities, academic and otherwise, that Bartholomae advocates. That's not quite how discourse communities work.

It has become a commonplace, of course, that discourses are inherently ideological and, in the words of literary critic Louis Althusser, interpellative. Among the implications of such a perspective are those of feminist scholars who assert rather convincingly that ideology is, in fact, "written" or "inscribed" "on the body"--only most obviously written, in this case, on the bodies of adolescent females.¹² The ideologies which some argue significantly shape our very bodies shape the physical environment through which our bodies move, as others argue,¹³ and those ideologies *move our bodies through* that environment, as still others argue. Among these last, linguist James Paul Gee states,

In a sense, Discourses use individuals as 'carriers' to 'talk to' and

'argue with' each other through time and space. They survive the individuals whose performances constitute them, and often serve to ensure that an individual's performances have more to do with the perpetuation and survival of the Discourse than they do with the individual's own survival or 'real interests.' ("Individuals" 177)

Elsewhere, and this is the point my own discourses have been leading me toward, Gee says that discourses are resistant to self-scrutiny ("Literacy" 4). They may be scrutinized externally, from the vantage of other discourses, as in the case, Gee suggests, of psychology criticizing linguistics; but "uttering viewpoints that seriously undermine [particular discourses] defines one as being outside [those discourses]" (4). This Discursive resistance to self-scrutiny suggests many of David Bartholomae's students are likely to be very much "within" and only a little, if at all, "against" the academic discourses to which he would introduce them.

Simultaneously, a number of his students are likely to be even more outside those academic discourses than they were previously. As human beings perform within or, as Gee suggests, on behalf of, multiple, even countless Discourses, a number of those discourses may be in conflict with others within which they operate. An individual's primary discourse communities--for instance, those of home, neighborhood, and, for some, church, mosque or temple--may be at odds with her or his secondary discourse communities, those of school, workplace, loan office, local government, among innumerable others. And it's not as if these discourse communities stand on equal footing. Some--

typically secondary-- discourses are greater than other--typically primary-- discourses, and, as Gee says, '[t]hese [secondary] discourses empower those groups who have the fewest conflicts with their other discourses when they use them" (5). Rather than have students interpellated by academic discourses, teachers of first-year writing may themselves study in some depth the particular and diverse primary discourses students come to class with--including the specific religious discourses some students bring with them--, validate those discourses and students' rights to possess them, and seek with students the *continuities* between these primary discourses and the discourses privileged in the academy.

It's not that an individual student can't work out even significant tensions between primary and secondary discourse communities, can't "pull off performances with enough influence from her dominated primary Discourse eventually to widen what counts as an acceptable performance (and thus an acceptable person) in the dominant [secondary] Discourse" ("Individuals" 179). They can. Many do. And such a "performance" is precisely what Bartholomae seeks, it seems to me; this is his "within and against." However, such a performance is possible, Gee cautions, only if an individual is allowed access to a particular dominant discourse--a possibility dominant discourses minimize--and only if an individual is "able and willing to live with the initial cognitive dissonance and conflicts" (179).

It's this last that concerns me. My thoughts are with the many students who can't pull off the performance Gee describes. The cognitive dissonance he names seems to me a corollary to the deconversion and role exit described by Barbour and Helen Ebaugh respectively, the rupture that may occur when discourses are construed or construe themselves as mutually exclusive, when they present students with a seeming either-or-ness, with two roads in a yellow wood. My fear is that, for some students, an introduction to academic discourse that is not fully informed about the particulars of the many primary discourse communities from which they come *and* that does not bridge seeming gaps between those primary discourses and the discourses of the academy must seem something of an altar call, an invitation to repent of past sins, a call to deconversion. Certainly, that's how Nancy Welch experienced such a pedagogy--in her case, in graduate school, in a teaching assistant training seminar.¹⁴ I'd like to suggest that rather than Frost, first-year writing teachers introduce students to Yogi Berra, who says, I'm told, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it."

Unfortunately, when I came to a fork in the road as a college student, I thought I had to choose, all of this--conversion, then deconversion--under the eyes, as it were, of Uncle Jimmy Lamb, my great-grandfather's half-brother, a farmer and evangelist from Red Lick, Kentucky, who preached the baptism of the Holy Ghost in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio for some fifty years, beginning in 1913. In Hamilton, Ohio, just north of Cincinnati, he preached on street corners

and in homes before Pater Avenue Pentecostal Church of God was built in what's known as the Gobbler's Knob district, among Hamilton's recently arrived Appalachian population. Uncle Jimmy Lamb had evangelized in many of the little communities in southwestern Ohio where I grew up, went to school, and where I was now pursuing my bachelor's degree. I embraced my faith in one community where he had helped to introduce Pentecostalism and released it (if that's truly ever possible) in another.

Barbour describes deconversion as a personal drama. I have experienced it as something else altogether, as something of a familial trauma, as an event occurring across generations, reaching a century into the past and I cannot know how far into the future. It touches the living and the dead, the born and the unborn, in my family. Not in the sense that the other members of my family have experienced deconversion, as well, but in the sense that I have undone what Uncle Jimmy Lamb, my great-grandmother, my grandmother, and my father spent their lives building up. My reading of Uncle Jimmy Lamb and Grandma Powell is changed. My reading of my grandmother and father is changed. I don't know what to make of them anymore, and so I make of them something they never were before. Not only will I fail to pass on Pentecostalism as it was passed on to me--I've mishandled it, dropped it, seen it strike the earth and shatter at my feet (I'm reminded of how clumsy I was as a child)--but I will fail to pass on the stories of these persons' lives. The Bertha Powell Barrett I describe to my

children will not be the Bertha Barrett my father described to me. I simply don't know what to do with the woman my father describes.

And I have the profoundest sense this is what the good people at Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle tried to warn me about. Sherman Cook, pastor at Ferry Road, wasn't speaking to me specifically or about higher education, but I've been haunted often in the last fifteen years by his words: "Satan will take you further than you want to go and keep you longer than you want to stay."

I heard their warnings. I thought I knew what they meant. I thought I was prepared. To be honest, I thought I had heard already most of what I would hear in this regard at the university. I had heard it in Mrs. Spicer's fifth grade Western Civilizations class. I heard it in the tenth grade, in Mr. Willis' history class and Mr. Wadleigh's biology class. I read it in the paper, in magazines, in books. I heard it on the radio and on TV: the universe is fifteen billion years old, the earth itself four billion. Human beings evolved from lower life forms, the first hominids emerging 4.5 million years ago and homo sapiens sapiens only a few tens of thousands of years ago. God is dead. I had heard it all. I had endured. I would continue to endure in college.

Of course, I wasn't prepared for what awaited me. I never could have imagined postmodernism, the theorizing away of self, agency, truth, as if it had not been enough to slay God. Nor that the slaying of self, agency, and truth could be more painful than the death of God. Certainly, I could not have

imagined that by the time I was introduced to postmodernism, in graduate school, it would describe my felt experience of the world as well as, if not better than, anything I had read before. Nothing made so much sense of my experiences as a Pentecostal come to the academy as did postmodernism. There is, in fact, as Sherman Cook well knew, and as he tried to warn me, no going back for me. I am held--held, ironically, by a discourse that asserts there is no I and no holding.

I'm embarrassed to admit it now, but I came to college in my twenties and to graduate school in my thirties to become, as the expressivists and social constructionists say, empowered. I didn't want to work as I had for a number of years, as my father had for decades and as he continues to do, in ditches deeper than graves, in crawlspaces as shallow as the coal mines my grandfather first entered on his sixteenth birthday seventy years ago. I've lost front teeth, knees, some hearing. I've breathed PVC and ABS primers and glues, thread sealants, soldering fumes, diesel exhaust, asbestos, chalk, in isolation or in combination and in quantities that would alert officials at OSHA, and on a daily basis for some months of each of the last twenty years.

I aspired to jobs equivalent to those my schoolmates' fathers had--management positions at Armco Steel, positions that permitted them to come home at 3 p.m., four or five hours before my father returned home from work, permitted them to make thirteen and fourteen dollars an hour when my father was still earning four, permitted them to live on the other side of town, literally on the

other side of the tracks, and permitted them, after twenty years service, to take thirteen weeks vacation per year when my father had to work ten years to earn two, the most he would be permitted ever. I was motivated, too, by my mother's childhood dreams of picket fences and window boxes--the dreams of the third child of sixteen, a child who lived deep, deep up an Appalachian hollow, near the mines her father ate, drank, and breathed, and who was looked down on by children whose dingy, drafty, cramped coal-company-owned houses at least had running water and electricity.

What I got was postmodernism. Stripped of belief. Stripped of community. I don't even have Christ to alleviate my aloneness. Persuaded that what I've experienced all my life as my self is only a closet filled with the costumes I'm asked to don to play the roles I'm asked to engage in. Persuaded that the discourses I participate in all preexist me, will all outlive me, and will all be ultimately little affected by me. Persuaded that my family historically and presently are irrelevant, irritant, at best, a curiosity, a study--twenty-first-century "Fundamentalists." Laborers. Alcoholics. Murderers. Arsonists. Thieves. Tramps.

I came to college to be assimilated, as I would have agreed even at the time. Now I feel my differences more keenly than ever before, as if society, via one of its most effective media, the academy, has said, "You were right where we wanted you all along."

CHAPTER FOUR

A SCIENCE OF THE PARTICULAR

. . . I am qualified to speak with the intimacy a professional scientist could acquire only after years of study and indirect information, because I have the object of study always in hand, in my own heart, and can gauge the exact truthfulness of what my own experience tells me. However frank, people would always keep back something. I can't keep back anything from myself.

Vita Sackville-West

quoted in Nicolson, *Portrait of a Marriage*¹⁵

he constructions of religious conservative students I find in Composition
T strike me as a problem. I've discussed some of the ways these students are constructed in some of our journals, our staffrooms, and our classrooms. Such constructions have become so deeply ingrained, so taken for granted, so "naturalized," that compositionists like I. Hashimoto and Nancy Welch are almost certain to crush academic opponents simply by associating these opponents' rhetoric with that of some religious conservatives.

Among the questions troubling me, and which I address in the pages ahead, is where--aside from mass media--do such constructions come from? What in the way of "evidence," as that term is construed in the academy, may compositionists cite for their portrayals of religious conservatives? Or to state

the same question a little differently, how do academic discourses beyond Composition construct some faith-centered students? In what (perhaps many) ways are some religious conservatives constructed in, say, psychological discourses? How in sociological discourses? How in anthropological discourses? Even more significantly, what may be some sources of these more "scientific"--these psychological, sociological, and anthropological--constructions of some religious conservatives? Some answers I've uncovered in the course of this study may surprise a number of compositionists. They certainly surprised me.

As I hope to demonstrate, some of the "scientific" supports for Composition Studies' constructions of faith-identified students aren't what a number of compositionists (and other academics) think they are. Our constructions of these students are therefore no longer or are much less tenable, and pedagogies based at least indirectly on such constructions will need to be reconsidered. And to be frank, I know of no pedagogy much touted in our field at present which does not construct religious conservative students as somehow at more of a disadvantage in our writing classrooms than are many others of their peers.

Before looking at religious conservative students through (solely) academic eyes, however, I'd like to look at these students through their own eyes. Even more to the point, I want to look at one such student through his eyes. This

move is informed by John Fiske's science of the particular, an important critique of early modernist research methods--an important critique of "theory," of "the politics of control (often via abstraction)," as Charlene Spretnak says (245).

In "Cultural Studies and the Culture of Everyday Life," Fiske offers a critique of the concept of "distance" in critical inquiry and of any consequent claims of generalizability or universality. Rather, Fiske asserts that "practice should be allowed to expose the incompleteness of theory, to reveal the limits of its adequacy, and specificity should be able to assert the value of that which generalization overlooks or excludes" (165). Such a practice would be, he says, a "science of the particular," a science informed by the culture of everyday life and by the permeability of art and life everyday culture assumes. This, he says, is in marked contrast to academic culture:

. . . [M]ost academics are most comfortable in the same region in the map of social space, that of high education, relatively high-class, high-cultural, but low economic capital, most of it acquired rather than inherited. The habitus of this position disposes our habits of thought towards the generalizable and abstract; the equivalent disposition in the academic sphere to that which validates aesthetic distance in the sphere of art. We are habituatedly disposed to find the greatest significance, as the greatest beauty, in structures that seek to explain the concrete by distancing themselves from it. We therefore, as historical products, find a science of the particular particularly difficult to envisage Academic theory, no less than cultural taste,¹⁶ is produced within and for a habitus *in order to draw social distinction between it and other, differently located, habituses*. (164, my emphasis)

Among the habituses against which the academy defines itself and which

therefore rather ironically lend the academy its "social distinction," its status. are those of religious conservative students, particularly those it helps to construct as "fundamentalists."

The notion of "habitus" parallels Gee's of "discourse community" in important ways, it seems to me, particularly if one keeps in mind Gee's assertion that conversants are "carriers" of discourse, an assertion which blurs the lines between discursant and discourse. Fiske comes upon the notion of "habitus" in the work of Pierre Bourdieu, who defines it as more than the sum of habitat, habitant, habitation (as a process), and habit, "particularly habits of thought." Bourdieu's point is that we think of these seemingly disparate concepts as names for the same one thing.

I find Bourdieu's "habitus" a fascinating and productive way to look at human beings, the human mind, spacetime, the physical and social environment--not as entities, but as all the same thing, not elements or faces of one thing, but as the thing itself. No other concept describes so well my sense of my self, my subjectivity. I am at once Appalachia, my displaced Appalachian grandparents' hardscrabble farm, my parents' 1/4 acre and 800-square-foot home, my hometown, the schools and churches I've attended, Clayton Rogers Plumbing, Incorporated (each as place and habit of thought--the permeability of "person" and "place" emphasized even more by the fact that the farm and the plumbing company as I knew them exist now only in my mind). As Bourdieu and Fiske

suggest (and Gee would agree, I believe), I am at once a text and context(s); an artifact and the many ("sub")cultures which produce and inform it; a person, a place, a time, a point in space, a point in history, a process. As a member of multiple discourse communities, multiple habituses, I am many texts, many artifacts, many persons--a plumber, a graduate student, a husband, a son, a citizen of the United States by birth, a (more and more) displaced Appalachian, a Pentecostal, among many, many other (sometimes contentious) things. Primary among these, I am an appalachian Pentecostal, and as such I entered an academy, a discourse, which--to the extent it constructed me as a "fundamentalist"--constructed me as antithetical to itself.

What I hope to uncover here is what happens "when x meets y," what happens when a student who is constructed as antithetical to the academy enters the academy. Within ongoing dialectics in Composition Studies about discourse, ideology, culture, literacies, and the like, too little has been written about the discourses, cultures, and literacies of faith-centered students, and, much more importantly, almost none of what has been written is written *by* such a student. I'd like to begin to rectify that situation.

In an attempt to instantiate a science of the particular, "to expose," as Fiske says, "the incompleteness of theory, to reveal the limits of its adequacy, and

. . . to assert the value of that which generalization overlooks or excludes," I want

to immerse my readers in the particulars of my own experiences at home and in the academy. I hope to "expose the incompleteness" of discussions of faith-centered students in most of the literature in our field. Composition's "fundamentalists" have been for too long subjects seen at a "distance," for too long the objects of generalization, for too long "other, differently located habituses," construed by *academic* theory in ways that lend social distinction to *academic* habituses, to those of "high education, relatively high-class, high-cultural, but low economic capital, most of it acquired rather than inherited."

As Fiske advocates, I want to help my readers "experience as far as possible from the inside other people's ways of living . . ." (159), in this case, a particular way of living, an "object of study" that, as Vita Sackville-West suggests above, I have always in hand, in my own heart, and whose exact truthfulness I can gauge, because it cannot keep anything back from me.

At its heart, this is a study of what might be called "creation myths." Not those of *Genesis* or Big Bang, but arguably more immediate creation myths--the "myths" that go into the creating of particular students and teachers--personal myths, familial myths, disciplinary myths, societal myths.

I've already discussed in this first section some of the constructions of faith-centered students I have encountered in academe in the last fifteen years--constructions I find in our journals, in our halls, in our classrooms and in our staffrooms.

In Part Two, "Creation Myths," I share some of the "myths" that have gone into the creating of one faith-identified student, into the creating of me: not those of Protestantism or, in this case, Pentecostalism, so much as those of a particular family from a particular region of the United States at a particular point in time. I am a displaced Appalachian--working-class, and Pentecostal--; a non-traditional male; a non-traditional Protestant; an artifact of the migration of poor whites and blacks from Appalachia and the South to the industrialized North in first half of twentieth century; an artifact of my family of origin, an extensive, closely knit family of subsistence farmers become factory workers and homebuilders. I am also an artifact of a particular primitivist, pneumatic church, a congregation independent of any regional or national religious institutions, one of countless such churches among (displaced) Appalachians. By enacting a particular (admittedly imperfect) science of the particular, by uncovering the experiences of one such student, I hope to complicate thinking about all faith-centered students, to make the blending of many such students into all one thing, into "fundamentalists," increasingly untenable. As Fiske anticipates, the particulars of my experiences begin to dismantle theories about the beliefs, behaviors, abilities, and epistemological homogeneity of religious conservative students.

In Part Three, "Further Than You Want to Go, Longer Than You Want to Stay," I explore "myths" that inform some academics' responses to faith-centered

students. Specifically, I look at the many ways Pentecostals and other glossolalists have been constructed by psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and at the dominant Protestant discourse--so at odds with Pentecostalism historically--which perhaps surprisingly informs these more academic discourses.

Finally, in Part Four, entitled, "It Is Thou," I consider some myths that go into the creating of Composition Studies. Specifically, I look at the debate between epistemic, expressivist, and postmodern pedagogies from the perspective of students who (often) remain marginalized by any and all of these pedagogies.

First and foremost, I hope in this book to dismantle the term, "fundamentalist," a term much used and little analyzed in the media these days and, if my own experiences are any gauge, in the academy--a term used to account for events as widespread as Afghanistan, Algeria, Iran, Israel, and the United States, among other places and as diverse as "problem" papers in college writing classes, book bannings, school board takeovers, protests at health centers, political party platform squabbles, congestion in the courts, marches on Washington, bombings targeted at individuals and nations, violations of international human rights, particularly those of women, murders of individuals and massacres of whole villages, political revolutions, and international saber rattling. The word, fundamentalist, is now used--apparently convincingly--not just to describe but to excoriate an otherwise remarkable diversity of persons

worldwide--some persons from almost every region, race, economic class, political perspective, and theism in the world. Not that all "fundamentalists" are theists these days. It has always seemed to me that the terms "foundationalist" and "essentialist" were meant to convey, *sotto voce*, an association with "fundamentalism." Though they are not the same thing, to those who disdain them each, the distinctions likely little matter.

For teachers who wish to understand and be of service to the growing number of faith-centered students in their classrooms, this notion of fundamentalism is an interference. The many faith-centered students who do not perform interpersonally and textually as "fundamentalists" are assumed to perform go unrecognized. Because they write with distinction, engage thoughtfully with ideas on the page and with their peers in class, and take care to reveal little or nothing about deeply held religious beliefs, they do little to dispel notions about persons of faith generally. In addition to their other writing skills, some religious conservative students have developed an awareness of audience that first-year writing teachers are at times at pains to evoke in other students. At the same time, if my own experiences and those of other (initially) religious conservative academics I've spoken with since beginning this project are any indication, many of these students experience a degree of trauma not required of those of their peers whose primary discourse communities--home, neighborhood, possibly religious institution--are more consistent with dominant secondary

discourses, like those of the academy.

What follows, then, is a studied immersion in the familial and academic experiences of one faith-identified student, a student like that I've just described-- someone who excelled in almost all of his work as an undergraduate, a graduate student, and a teaching assistant, and who was able to conceal his religious conservatism from almost everyone except himself.

PART TWO
CREATION MYTHS

We shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly.

Oscar Wilde

*The Picture of Dorian Gray*¹⁷

CHAPTER FIVE

THE MEANINGS OF OUR PARENTS' LIVES

We spend most of our adulthoods trying to grasp the meanings of our parents' lives; and how we shape and answer these questions largely turns us into who we are.

Phillip Lopate
"The Story of My Father"¹⁸

I am shaped by stories--stories that became more significant and more telling to me after I met the woman I was to marry. Michelle expressed surprise once that as a child I delighted in hearing my grandfather tell the same stories again and again. The stories in her family are different from those in my own and are not so often told. The stories are primarily those of her grandparents, parents, her siblings, and herself. Her mother's father is a "self-made man" who consciously left the family farm and put himself through accounting classes evenings at the University of Cincinnati by selling Hoover vacuum cleaners out of his Model A Ford. He was for decades thereafter business manager at Queen City Chevrolet, apparently having changed automotive loyalties at some point. With only a few exceptions, the oldest stories in Michelle's family are those from her grandfather's childhood. Stories of her great-grandparents deal primarily with those years their lives coincided with her grandfather's. What is known is that

Michelle's great-great-grandparents came to the United States from Germany in the 1860s. The family was assimilationist after a generation or two, especially and necessarily so in the context of anti-German bias during the First and Second World Wars. No stories of life in Germany survive, though the family lived there only a little over a century ago. Crossing the Atlantic seems to have been something of an adult baptism, a washing away of the old, as far as family stories go.

Michelle's maternal grandmother is also German, her parents immigrating to the U.S. at the turn of the present century. They kept a diary of their Atlantic crossing, written, of course, in German. The diary is only ten or so pages long, but particularly prized because the diarists died soon after arriving in the U.S. and the diary one of only a handful of items Michelle's grandmother and her sisters and brother were able to preserve after being placed in a Protestant orphanage. Because Michelle's grandmother was a toddler when her parents died, her stories begin with her own life and the lives of her siblings in this institution.

There are even fewer stories in Michelle's father's family. Like my own, my father-in-law's family is from Appalachia, but ties with that heritage seem tenuous, at best. It's not discussed much, which isn't uncommon among upperwardly mobile Appalachian families displaced to a region that was felt to receive them less than warmly. Even as late as the 1960s, decades after the height of Appalachian immigration to Cincinnati and many, many points further

north, I was told "briar" jokes by elementary school classmates--many of whose families were, I now realize, Appalachian only a generation or two earlier, like my own. To these children and the adults who reared them apparently, (more recent) Appalachian immigrants--particularly those from eastern Kentucky--were "briar hoppers." Immigrants from Tennessee and West Virginia were "ridge runners." And, of course, all (recently arrived) Appalachians were "hillbillies." Though the punchlines of the jokes differed, the point made was always the same: Appalachians were mentally deficient. In these jokes, Appalachians lobbed grenades across the Ohio River without removing the pins, only to have the grenades rain back down on themselves, the pins pulled by savvy Ohioans; they walked across the same river on a beam from a flashlight, not thinking ahead that the Ohioan holding the flashlight on the opposite bank could turn the light off at will; and their brains were sold for less than a NASA monkey's brains because "less used." No wonder then that some displaced Appalachian families do not emphasize their mountain heritages.

The stories in my family are much older than those in Michelle's family because my great-great-great grandmother, great-grandmother, and grandfather preserved so many of them. Like griots, Lucinda Baker (1841-?), Charlotte Baker Barrett (1877-1960) and Arthur Barrett (1895-1977) traced my Baker ancestors' migrations from England in 1624, from Massachusetts a generation later, from Lancaster and Chester Counties, Pennsylvania, an additional two

generations later, from Prince Edward County, Virginia, and Bunscombe County, North Carolina, after several more generations, to Clay County, Kentucky, and the region that has defined my family since the late eighteenth century.

In the next several pages, I want to immerse my readers in my family as I've experienced it in my own lifetime. I do this for two reasons, primarily: first, to saturate readers with the discourse of a particular religious conservative community, to pull my colleagues who read this book out of the academy for a time and imbue them with a culture commonly construed as antithetical or otherwise at odds with academia and, secondly, to dismantle the academy, to make it--when we return to it after some time spent with my family--terra incognita, just as it was for me when I first entered it. I want readers to see the academy through my eyes as a twenty-three year old Pentecostal, a journeyman plumber, and a first-generation college student.

I recreate a number of events in present tense to enhance their immediacy, to pull readers more deeply into the experiences described. I make use of both ethnographic and narrative method, providing "thick descriptions" of place, event, speech, but always in the context of a narrative. Readers will "see" the kitchen in my grandparents' farmhouse--for me, the center seemingly absent in so many other persons' lives in this postmodern era--, "see" Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle, and finally "see" classrooms at the Middletown branch campus of Miami University during those first critical years my Pentecostalism (and, by

extension, Appalachianism and proletarianism) came under assault.

In recreating these events, I've relied heavily on my own years-long observations, the voluminous journals I've kept for nearly two decades now, as well as on interviews I've conducted with members of my family, members of the Pentecostal church I attended and that my parents continue to attend, and letters I've exchanged with these persons. I bring to all these materials a strong Cultural Studies and Literacies Studies background and a rich and ever-growing knowledge of histories and sociologies of Pentecostalism and Appalachianism.

I tell the stories that follow fully cognizant that they may support some stereotypes of Appalachian, Pentecostal, working-class culture, that accounts of poverty, alcoholism, illiteracy, feudal bloodletting, and the like will lend even greater credence to such stereotypes. At the same time, I trust that to experience these persons, places, events, and epistemologies from within is quite different than to experience them from without and that some details will at least complicate some of these and other stereotypes. For instance, my great-grandfather, Pistol Joe Powell, was never presented to me as anything other than a sympathetic character, this though he led anything but an exemplary life from a Pentecostal perspective (and a dominant, non-Appalachian perspective, I might add), and my great-grandmother, Cindy Powell, was the leader of a religious community, a founder of Pentecostalism in her area, a perhaps unexpected position for a woman to command in a conservative sect just after the turn of the

century, but a position she and many women like her have held throughout the history of Pentecostalism--in fact, throughout the millenia-long history of pneumatic religion.

I linger over the stories of Cindy Powell and her brother-in-law, Jimmy Lamb, because theirs are the stories of the early development of Pentecostalism in the South and Midwest in the first decades of this century. Histories like those of Robert Anderson, Harvey Cox, and Deborah Vansau McCauley suggest that details of the lives of Cindy Powell and Jimmy Lamb parallel those of many other Pentecostals during those earliest days of the modern Pentecostal movement.

For reasons that may become obvious in the pages ahead, my story has always been familial, not personal. And, significantly, my family has always been an extended, not a nuclear one. I'd like to suggest that even during its most biblically literal moments, the greater emphasis was placed on the familial, not the "fundamentalist" significance of these moments. I want to complicate the popular and academic notion of biblical literalism in other ways as well a little later on, but for now I simply want to suggest that stories about my grandmother, with which this section opens, are as much (and I believe more) about her gifts and her special status in the family as they are about the veracity of events in scripture.

Finally, what I hope to make truly palpable to my readers is what was

truly at stake for me when I was asked, as it seemed to me, to sacrifice my
Pentecostalism on the altar of, first, liberal humanism and scientific rationalism
and, then, postmodernism.

CHAPTER SIX

DELORES

April 1966

"Wash the sleep out of your eyes," my grandfather tells me. "And wash behind your ears." He sits in his rocker, near the wood stove. "You want to feed the chickens and cows, you're gonna have to get up earlier, boy," he says as I pad across the worn linoleum floor to the kitchen sink. "Your daddy's already out to the barn."

Grandma has stirred and fueled the fire to take the nip out of the air. She and Mom are rolling out dough with tall drinking glasses, then with the rims of the glasses, cutting out biscuits. "Do you want me to go wake up Delores and Wiley?" my mother asks.

"Delores?" Grandma says.

"Do you want me to wake her up?"

"Delores isn't here, Norma Jean."

"I heard her come into the yard last night. She came up the steps onto the porch and beat on the door, calling for you."

"It wasn't Delores, sweetheart."

"It was her voice. I heard it as plain as if she was here right now. She was

crying."

"Get your hands dried off," my grandfather says to me from across the kitchen. "Let's go out to the barn to help your daddy finish up before breakfast."

Mom holds my coat open and I back my arms through the sleeves. "Is Alan here?" I ask her.

"No, honey, he's not here," Grandma says. She places biscuits on a cookie sheet and stuffs them in the electric oven while I tie my shoelaces. Grandpa's hand rests between my shoulders. A small increase in its weight urges me toward the back porch.

"I've been hearing what you heard last night for two weeks now," Grandma says to Mom after Grandpa and I step outside. Grandpa lingers just outside the door. He's pulled it all but closed behind him. He slips out of his houseshoes and raises first one pantleg, then the other, as he steps into his gumboots. He grasps the doorframe for balance.

I can tell he's listening to the talk in the kitchen. I push at the door to the cellar and wander just inside, admiring the dusty masons filled with half runners, pickled beets, tomatoes, and pickled corn. Each jar of beets holds a hard-boiled egg, turned purple, a prize. I don't like the beets, but I love the eggs. I turn my back on the jars and lean against the shelves, away from the cellar door, and the image of Grandpa sets slowly like the moon behind the doorframe. I can just make out my mother's and grandmother's voices.

"I heard you get up and go through the house last night," my mother says. "and that's when Delores stopped crying. I thought you had gone to the door to let her and Wiley in. I know I wasn't just hearing things. It was as real as you and me talking now."

"You must've heard me get up to tend the fire, like I do every night."

"And you didn't hear anything last night? They're really not here?"

"Not last night, but I've gone out on the porch and around the house more than one night the last couple weeks."

"Have you talked to Delores lately? Told her what you've heard?"

"I've talked to her to make sure she's alright. I've learned that's the best I can do. I can't change what's about to happen, whatever it is."

The cellar doorway darkens, and I start. Grandpa stands over me. "That daddy of yours must be getting mighty hungry," he says. "We better be getting on toward the barn, don't you think?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

ALAN
June 1966

My grandmother is visited by angels, my father explains. Has been most of her life. Just as, in *Genesis*, Abraham, Lot, and Jacob were. What my mother overheard that night on the farm was intended for my grandmother.

Grandma knows things before the rest of us do, Dad says. She is warned of things about to happen in the family. She was warned something was going to happen to Aunt Annie, her sister, some days before she was killed in an automobile accident, and she was told before Uncle Jimmy Lamb died from his first heart attack. Dad cites the story of Jacob's Ladder, in which a self-exiled Jacob sees angels ascending to and descending from heaven by means of a stairway. He cites a visitation by angels to Lot, the brother of Abraham, warning Lot that he, his wife, and his daughters must flee Sodom. To the citizens of Sodom, including, initially, Lot, these envoys appear human, and, as Dad emphasizes, approach the city on foot. Closing with a verse in the New Testament which warns readers to care for strangers "for thus have angels been entertained unawares," my father explains that what Jacob sees is a literal

stairway to the portals of heaven, and that Jacob sees angels descending to walk the face of the earth and others, their works completed, ascending back to heaven. He surmises that Jacob is given a glimpse of one of a number--a finite number--of such flights to heaven, this one actually located at Bethany, in the land of Israel, where it remains to this day if only we had eyes to see, and it is as heavily trafficked today as it was on the day Jacob glimpsed it. My grandmother's experiences, which my father has been aware of all his life, make that evident.

My grandfather tells me that he once awakened to find three women standing over my grandmother in her sleep. There is no put-on about it: Grandpa is one of the greatest cowards who has ever lived. He's afraid of the dark. He's afraid of heights. He's afraid of tight places. Because he's afraid to go into debt, he has paid for what little he owns, including this hardscrabble farm in 1945, with what he has in his pockets. My mother says he's afraid to die and afraid to live. The light that burns all night in the kitchen is for his benefit. He is obviously still upset by the experience with the three women when he shares it with me.

My grandmother is untravelled and, even with her family, retiring. She has worked all of her life as if she were on the frontier, raising eleven children and a handful of her grandchildren, rising and collapsing before and after the sun, preparing meals, working three gardens, tending fields of tomatoes for a local cannery, and caring for the farmhouse, until recently without benefit of electricity, running water, or any heat other than a wood-burning stove. A few

years from now, when she is dying, she will continue to help my grandfather milk their dairy cows and tend the gardens. With assistance from her oldest daughter, she will can vegetables the last summer of her life, keeping to herself the excruciating abdominal pain she's experiencing. Years after her death, I will be haunted by another glimpse of her homecanned goods, layered with thick dust, arranged on shelf after shelf in the cellar while the farmhouse all around me falls in on itself.

My cousin, Alan, is named for an actor, Alan Ladd, and he and I are both six years old when our grandmother hears his mother, Delores, come onto the porch in the middle of the night, wailing. Only a few days after Mom hears this same thing, Alan's father takes the boy to work with him. While my uncle, a bulldozer operator, digs a basement for what will be a new house, he sits my cousin on the fender next to him. Later Alan is killed when he falls.

My grandmother is almost as devastated by Alan's death as is his mother. As much as my grandmother tries not to favor any one of her grandchildren more than the many others, it has always been obvious Alan has a special place in her heart. I believe my grandmother thinks Alan was taken from her because she loved him too much, that her love was covetous, that she may have loved him even more than she loves Christ. But then I also wonder if she loved Alan as she did because she always knew he wouldn't be with us long--had known not only for a couple weeks before he died, but has *always* known.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FUNDAMENTALISTS. LABORERS. ALCOHOLICS. MURDERERS.
ARSONISTS. THIEVES. TRAMPS.
May 1970

The lives of some literary persons begin a good while after they are born. Others begin a good while before Of this latter kind is mine.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
*Chapters from a Life*¹⁹

Because he's in his seventies, Grandpa does very little of the actual work of the farm anymore. He and my grandmother still tend their cows, chickens, and three vegetable gardens through the week. On weekends, my father and his brothers harrow and plow my grandfather's gardens; plant, tend and harvest the vegetables he and they have subsisted on all of their lives; set, sucker, and sheave the acre or two of tobacco my grandfather raises for a little spending money; cut wood for the two stoves that are all the sources of heat in my grandparents' farmhouse; help to milk his five or six dairy cows; mend his fences and lane; and repair the farmhouse. My grandmother, mother, and aunts prepare meals, watch men and children eat first, then serve up warm, rich talk with their own meal while husbands and brothers saunter out to the porch. My cousins and I roam the woods that cover most of the 102 acres my grandparents own and

wade the creek, Whitaker's Fork, that flows through the farm's center, cutting the farmhouse off from the world beyond. Each week our families ford the creek, water grasping at the wheels and then the bottom of our cars, a species of baptism, a washing away of the world just left behind and a preparing for the world to be entered.

My family is Appalachian, displaced by clan warfare from Clay County, Kentucky, in the 1890s, then, like other poor whites and blacks, by economic conditions from Madison County, Kentucky, to Ohio and Indiana in the 1940s. In Dearborn County, Indiana, my grandfather purchased 102 acres of mostly untillable land along the waters of Whitaker's Fork. The farm is long and narrow, a thin strip of bottomland, no more than four or five hundred feet at its widest point, running with the creek between two tall, grassy ridges and prone to flooding. The eastern ridge rises steeply from the edge of the creek. To the west, my grandparents' house, barn, milkhouse, smokehouse, vegetable gardens, and an old buggy shed rest on a hummock, where the bottomland rises to meet the ridge. I've seen the creek burgeon into a river, filling the bottom, and come to within twenty or thirty feet of the house.

After twilight, we kids restrict our play to the yard and the front porch, then, still wet from tumbles into the creek, go into the house and are made to stand behind the wood stove in the kitchen until we dry. There we hear Grandpa tell the stories we love to hear time and time again. Steam rises from our

clothing and the smells of the creek waft under our noses as he speaks. When the front of our jeans become too hot to touch, we turn our backsides toward the woodstove like birds on a spit.

My grandfather's mother, Charlotte Baker Barrett, was a remarkable storyteller, and many of the stories my grandfather tells are tales she has told him, set in Clay County, Kentucky--tales about his grandparents, great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents stretching well back into the eighteenth century. Grandpa John Renta Baker was a companion of Daniel Boone himself, we are told--a "long hunter," so called because years before the European-American conquest of Kentucky these men crossed the Appalachians from North Carolina to hunt for long months at a time. Grandpa Robert Baker fought at the Battle of the Thames in the War of 1812 and returned to his Clay County farm with a new friend, a Brit, a former prisoner-of-war, at his side.

Grandpa Robert's granddaughter, my Grandma Lucinda Baker, was pursued as a girl by a "panther," an eastern mountain lion, through dense woods. One-by-one she dropped the purchases she had made at the dry goods store, then, when those were exhausted, pieces of her clothing, buying herself just enough time to make her way home. She could hear the cat pause over each item she dropped and rend the pieces of clothing with its claws and teeth. Her father, hearing a commotion, took his rifle from the mantle before stepping through the door, as any seasoned frontier dweller would do, and shot the cat from the house

just as it pounced.

Lucinda's brother, William Baker, Grandpa tells us, didn't fare quite so well. He was hanged for a murder he didn't commit. William literally had a noose around his neck when a Clay County official told him, "If you tell us who did this foul deed, we'll spare your life." William's father, Boston Baker, standing in the crowd gathered for the spectacle, cried out, "Son, if you know anything, keep it within you and die like a man."

Boston claimed his son's body, then, with a friend, conveyed it by raft up Goose Creek to the South Fork of the Kentucky River, making his way to a family cemetery. Evening was getting on when they heard fiddle music up ahead and poled to the water's edge. Boston tied off the raft with the rope his son had been hanged with. Now the two men could hear singing, whooping, and the drumbeat of lively dancing in a house above the river and Grandpa Boston leaped ashore. His friend hesitated, complaining that his worn shoes weren't fit for dancing. "I don't see what's troubling you," Boston said. "They's two good shoes right there." He pointed at his son's feet. William didn't dance that night, of course, but his shoes did right by him, it's said, just the same.²⁰

Grandpa Barrett begins then to tell my favorite stories, those of the Howard-Baker Feud. "Crane Creek [Clay County, Kentucky] is where the Howard and Baker Feud started," he says. "It started when I was about four years old. Three or four years old."²¹ That would have been 1898. In his prime.

Grandpa stood six feet tall. Now his shoulders are bent, and he walks with a hand-whittled cane. He taps it unconsciously on the wood floor as he talks, occasionally punctuating with it. He makes exclamation marks with his cane and parentheticals with his blue eyes, leaning toward us and crinkling the corners of his eyes, as if he's divulging secrets.

"Grandpa Will Barrett sold old man Ballard Howard his farm," Grandpa says, "and that's where it started, at a government still. In those days, they could make whiskey and pay the government a little taxes on it. They could sell it then. That's how they'd sell their corn.

"Wilson Howard [son of Ballard] and Tom Baker fell out. They was working there, and Wilson shot Tom with a little single-barrel shotgun. And that's what started it. And from then on it got bad."

Tom Baker would ambush father Ballard Howard and son Wilson Howard some days later, wounding Ballard and killing Wilson outright.²²

Wilson's brother, Jim, a county tax assessor, believing both father and brother were dead, started for the scene, swearing he'd kill the first Baker he laid eyes on. He met sixty-year old George Baker, Tom's father, an attorney-at-law. Ol' Baldy George, folks called him.

"They's more'n one version of what happened next," Grandpa says. "Mom always told us George was on his way home, carrying a basket of kittens. She was a Baker, you know. Jim Howard told it different, as you might expect. He

said George saw him first and was trying to reach his Winchester when Jim shot him. Anyhow George begged Jim for his life, got down on his knees right there in the road. Jim shot him twenty-five times, being careful not to kill him 'til the last. Course I've heard it told different, too. Some say George was shot just once. I don't reckon we'll ever know now what really happened. Everyone there seen what he wanted to see, seems like."

The Barretts were related to *both* the Bakers and the Howards. A Barrett had been with Tom Baker when he killed Wilson Howard and would later turn state's evidence on Baker. Another Barrett was now Wilson Howard's widow. As one might imagine, Clay County soon grew too hot for many in the family. One story says that Grandpa Will Barrett wrapped the wheels of his wagons in animal hides and greased the axles before he and his family slipped away under the cover of darkness. And none too soon. The bloodletting escalated and continued for more than a generation, Bakers and Howards dying at one another's hands as late as 1935, when cousin Frank Baker, a county prosecutor and grandson of ol' Baldy George, was assassinated in the streets of Manchester, the seat of county government. A gun battle ensued between Frank's people and those who had killed him and, for the next two hours, patrons in a hotel Frank had just stepped out of had to cower in fireplaces behind mattresses they'd pulled off beds to escape injury.

If they'd sat on burning logs, they couldn't be any hotter than I am now.

My clothing has all but dried and burns my fingertips when I fluff my shirt and pinch and pull at my jeans for relief. Still, I don't want to let on. If Mom knows my clothes are dry, she'll make me wash up and change into clean clothes, and then we'll leave, ford the creek and return to Ohio. I'm nibbling on a cornbread hoeecake and boiled potato and butter sandwich, trying to make it last. My cousin, Martin, who's ten like me, is drinking his favorite concoction, one-third coffee, one-third cream, and one-third sugar.

Without transition, Grandpa has begun to talk about Uncle Jimmy Lamb and the Latter Rain, the Second Pentecost, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in these the Last Days. The Barretts have migrated from Clay to Madison County, and Grandpa has met my grandmother, a daughter of Pistol Joe Powell and Cindy Jones and a niece of Uncle Jimmy Lamb. Pistol Joe and Uncle Jimmy are half-brothers, and as different in temperament and destiny as Absalom and Solomon. I know the stories Grandpa is about to tell, and because I do I determine I'm not leaving my spot behind the stove. At different times, I've heard these stories from either Grandpa or Grandma. I scrunch up against the wall behind the stove, as far from its heat as I can get. I'm sure to be blistered by the time Grandpa's through, but I'm not going anywhere.

It will be decades before I realize that what my grandfather and grandmother mix, knead, roll out, and cut are not stories, but me. Perhaps more than any others, the events my grandfather is about to describe and his (and at

other times, my grandmother's) descriptions of these events will significantly shape my experiences in college decades later. "Your Uncle Jim Lamb brung Holiness to this country [southeastern Indiana and southwestern Ohio]," Grandpa says. It is always "Holiness," never "Pentecostalism" with Grandpa.²³ "His funeral was the biggest thing I ever seen. Over a thousand people. More'n forty preachers, most of them brung up spiritually under your Uncle Jim. Biggest thing I ever seen . . ."

CHAPTER NINE

UNCLE JIMMY LAMB

November 1964

When Mom [Bertha Powell Barrett] was working in the fields was when she'd talk about Grandpa [her father, Joseph P. Powell] and all her people. She'd tell me about [her father's half-brother,] Uncle Jim Lamb[,] and all the Lambs. That's mostly where I learned what I know about them, while we was working in the fields.²⁴

Delbert Barrett

But I must here dispel the image of the Christensen family in rude circumstances, hungry and in poverty, for in truth, though we had little in the way of material goods in my early childhood years, we had our religion, which was a comfort, and our schooling, when we could make our way along the coast road into Laurvig, and we had family ties for which in all my years on this earth I have never found a replacement.

Anita Shreve

*The Weight of Water*²⁵

Over one thousand persons gather in the small, rural community of Corwin, Ohio, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati, to mourn the passing of Reverend Jimmy Lamb. The *Dayton Daily News* speculates that this is "probably the largest gathering of persons ever assembled in this small Warren County community," or many another community of comparable size, it's safe to say. Among the mourners are Reverend Lamb's eleven children, 106 grandchildren, 238 great-grandchildren, and twenty great-great-grandchildren.

Given more than one Corwin classroom will be emptied of students, the board closes local schools. Officials close the thoroughfare outside the Corwin Pentecostal Church, and a tent is stretched across it to accommodate the hundreds of mourners who can't make their way into the church. Inside the church, the walls are garlanded with one hundred and thirty-five flower bouquets.²⁶

By 8 a.m. cars begin arriving at the church, and county and community law enforcement officers direct the flow of traffic until well into the evening while inside forty-five ministers, many of them proteges of Rev. Lamb, speak one after another. Because of overcast skies, it is nearly dark when Rev. Lamb's casket is carried out of the church and a procession, described by another Dayton newspaper as "reminiscent of Warren County's pioneer days," makes its way on foot and uphill to Miami Cemetery.²⁷

Reverend Lamb founded his first Pentecostal church in Corwin forty years earlier, one of the first Pentecostal churches in the state of Ohio. Prior to that, for more than ten years, he was an evangelist, recently fire-baptized, fanning the flames of charismatic renewal in homes, on street corners, and in the occasional jail cell.²⁸

All this began in 1913 and two hundred miles to the south when this elder in a little Baptist church in the hills began to believe that, as he said, "God had more for him." At that time, he was living in southeastern Madison County, Kentucky, where his ancestors had lived for more than a century, his great-great-

grandfather having acquired land there for service during the Revolutionary War. Like his ancestors, he was a farmer, all but unable to read or write, but attracted to technological (and, as it would turn out, theological) innovations when one drifted off the beaten path on its way to Cincinnati or Atlanta and found itself wandering aimlessly in the Appalachian foothills where Jimmy Lamb lived. The two-row corn planter, linoleum flooring, Ford Model T truck, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost all came his way and Jimmy Lamb embraced them all, sometimes to the dismay of his neighbors and friends.

A smoky, smelly internal combustion engine was one thing, a body cutting a jig, as it seemed, rolling on the floor, and blathering unintelligibly at a prayer meeting was something else altogether. "Jimmy Lamb's done ruined hisself," more than one of his fellow Baptists said when he was slain in the Spirit and filled with the Holy Ghost. All this devilry had come with Johnny and Lucy Abner when they moved to Madison County from Garrard County sometime between 1900 and 1910 and began to hold prayer meetings in their home. Before moving to Madison County, the Abners had been filled with the Holy Ghost at a tent revival. Their prayer meetings were the introduction of Pentecostalism to southeastern Madison County.

Though nestled in a remote mountain hollow at the end of a long, winding lane, the farm Johnny and Lucy purchased had been a popular site throughout memory. Two springs flowed side-by-side from the mountain near their home,

one white sulfur, the other black sulfur, and mountaineers for miles around soon developed a taste for, and faith in the medicinal properties of, each of the waters. A Baptist church had been built on the hill above and a dance hall right beside the springs and across the footworn lane from the Abners' farm. The staunchest of the Baptists on the hill would have been hard pressed to declare which was the greater scandal, the goings-on at the dance hall or those at the Abner farmhouse. Quite a few other Baptists didn't quite make it to the top of the hill. Some of the latter, including Jimmy Lamb, even made it to prayer meetings at the Abners.²⁹

The Holy Ghost descended upon Jimmy Lamb at home, while he prayed for the healing of his adolescent son, Gilbert. Feverish and confined for days to his bed, Gilbert drifted in and out of consciousness. Opening his eyes at one point, Gilbert told his father and mother he had seen "the Lord of Glory," who had told him he would be healed if his family would but "pad" around the fireplace. Uncle Jimmy Lamb gathered Gilbert in his arms, called to his other children to collect around the hearth, and the family began to pray aloud for Gilbert's renewal. The prayers Jimmy Lamb began in English he completed in a language unfamiliar to him, a phenomenon he had never experienced before, a phenomenon he would come to call "speaking in heavenly tongues," and Gilbert's fever broke.³⁰

Uncle Jimmy Lamb began evangelizing almost immediately. For some time, Pentecostals in the region continued to meet in one another's homes.

Rooms were emptied and planks stretched between short, upended logs for benches. Jimmy Lamb rode on horseback from Red Lick to prayer meetings in Sand Gap, twenty miles away, McKee, thirty miles to the south, Ford, thirty miles to the north, and many other mountain communities in neighboring counties. Invariably, he returned long after sunset. He'd say that on moonless nights, when he couldn't make out his hand in front of his face, he'd release the reins and let Dolly, his horse, find her way home. On some winter nights, his boots froze in his stirrups. Occasionally, Huldie accompanied him, riding her mare, Nell, sidesaddle. Other times, Jimmy hitched a team to the wagon and took their children along.

Monthly, Jimmy and Huldie Lamb held prayer meetings in their own home. Pentecostals would ride their horses and mules from many of the far-flung communities where he had evangelized and stay for the weekend. While Huldie and her daughters prepared meals, Jimmy and his sons sheltered and fed the horses and mules. In the heat of summer, Huldie stood at the table with a cutting from a tree to keep flies away while her guests ate. She would shoo children from the kitchen, as well, telling them they could eat only after the adults had had their fill. At times, Jimmy and Huldie entertained forty guests, the men and boys sleeping in the barn, women and girls in the house.

With time, Jimmy Lamb built a Pentecostal church near Red Lick Creek, across the road from the Lamb farm. Even so, he continued his evangelism,

spreading word of what he and other Pentecostals called the Latter Rain (the baptism of the Holy Ghost). In the early 1920s, he made several trips to Ohio to preach among old friends who had been among the first to migrate north just after World War I.

Jimmy's son, Acy, remembers riding with his father the seven miles from Red Lick to Berea, Kentucky, where Jimmy would catch a train to Hamilton, Ohio. Jimmy rode to the depot on Dolly, Acy on another horse, and as the train pulled away, little Acy would take Dolly's reins and lead her back to Red Lick.

In Hamilton, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati, Uncle Jimmy Lamb would preach on street corners (which landed him in jail more than once), in homes in the Gobbler's Knob district, and later in emerging Pentecostal churches, churches like Pater Avenue Free Pentecostal Church of God he'd helped to create. For the rest of his life, he'd talk about how he'd be standing in a streetcar, riding across Hamilton, thinking about the good things of the Lord, when his shoes would take on a life of their own and dance merrily.³¹

Thirty miles to the east, on the banks of Caesar's Creek in rural Warren County, Ohio, he discovered rich fields for corn, beans, squash, and the Word of God. Between extraordinary revivals in the small communities of Corwin, Oregonia, and Waynesville, he hunkered down in friends' freshly plowed fields and sifted soil black as coffee through his fingers. He eyed tall stands of oak, hickory, maple, and walnut. Finally, in December, 1925, he bought a Warren

County farm that straddled Caesar's Creek. He was forty-seven, his wife Huldie forty-five, and they were the parents of thirteen children, the oldest twenty-eight, the youngest four years old. They sold the Red Lick, Kentucky, farm, shipped their livestock north, loaded what belongings they had not auctioned off onto two flatbed Ford Model Ts, their own and a friend's, and watched sons Elmer, Cledus, and Acy pull away in the trucks. Huldie and the younger of their children followed by train. Jimmy remained behind to close the sell of the Red Lick farm and to collect money from friends who'd bought auctioned items on credit. It would be February before he arrived at his Caesar' Creek farm.

For a year and a half thereafter, Jimmy and Huldie Lamb invited other Pentecostals to their home and visited the homes of others for prayer meetings, travelling the fifteen miles or so to Franklin and Miamisburg, or the thirty or more miles to Hamilton for actual church services. In Miamisburg, Walter Lynch and Jeff Setser began services in the basement of Humphrey's Grocery on Sixth Street. They had been introduced to Pentecostalism during a revival held by Jimmy Lamb at the Pater Avenue church in Hamilton. The Lambs attended services there for a number of months, before a friend allowed Jimmy and Huldie to hold services in a vacant house he owned in Oregonia, much nearer home. They would hold services there for a number of years.

In 1930, another acquaintance rented them an old township schoolhouse for \$3.50 per month. "It was here that one of the greatest churches was

developed in our generation," Jimmy Lamb's son, Acy, would recall many, many years later. "It is talked about yet today, over the states far and near. It was called the Green Brier Holiness Church." The Lambs worshipped there for thirteen years, the congregation growing all the while, then in a former grocery in Corwin, and finally, in 1945, Jimmy Lamb bought a piece of property and built the Corwin Pentecostal Church, a church he was to pastor until 1961. Throughout this period, he continued to return often to prayer meetings and churches in Kentucky, hold revivals in any number of southwestern Ohio churches, and evangelize in southeastern Indiana, introducing Pentecostalism to yet more displaced Appalachians and not a few relatively native midwesterners.

Finally, in November, 1964, he expired. On the night before he died, Jimmy Lamb spoke from the pulpit of the church he had pastored before his retirement only three years earlier. Then he "skipped in the Spirit" from the front of to the back of the church, then to the rostrum again. He was eighty-six years old. When he returned to the pulpit, he called to his wife and beckoned with his hand. "Hulda, come up here."

"He just wanted her to stand by his side," Acy Lamb says. "Mom didn't hesitate."

Back in Red Lick, Kentucky, not long after he began his first church, just days before Christmas, 1920, Jimmy Lamb's older half-brother, my great-grandfather, Joseph Powell, became missing and Jimmy Lamb would take several

days away from his evangelism and farming to search for him. In ways I'm just now beginning to understand, decades after that search, its results have given a particular shape to my own life. As unlikely as it may seem, the extraordinary tensions I've had to reconcile between the primary discourse communities to which I belong and the secondary discourses to which I desire to belong had their genesis for me in this search by Uncle Jimmy Lamb and unnumbered others for my Great-Grandpa Powell.

CHAPTER TEN

THE BALLAD OF CINDY POWELL

December 1920

I think it was January or February [1921] that Mrs. [Lucinda "Cindy"] Powell moved to Blue Lick [near Berea, Kentucky]. I grew up with [the youngest of her ten children] Dessie, Hazel, Berkley and Mark. Went to school and church with them. Your Grandmother Cindy was a wonderful, kind, strong person. She raised a fine family. She brought the Holiness people to Blue Lick. Thank God for that.³²

Fannie Barrett Smith

Then Dinah told how the good news had been brought, and how the mind of God towards the poor had been made manifest in the life of Jesus, dwelling on its lowliness and its acts of mercy.

George Eliot

*Adam Bede*³³

My great-grandmother, Cindy Powell, had a rather disconcerting experience just a few days before her husband, Joseph "Pistol Joe"

Powell disappeared. From the house she and Joe occupied with their children in Horse Cove Hollow, near Big Hill, Madison County, Kentucky, Grandma Cindy saw a man walking up the road. She reached out her right hand to blot out the gleam of the sun on the snow and strained her eyes to make out his black jacket and trousers. He didn't carry himself like her husband, of that she was certain.³⁴

Cindy stood at a window, one hand above her eyes, watching the stranger make slow, steady progress toward the house. He crossed the path of the sun, stepped through its glare, and the cut of his clothing became crisp lines against the snow. The string tie around his neck seemed to pounce cat-like through the snow. Her eyes were drawn to the tie, the only thing of him she could make out above his shoulders, for even now she couldn't make out his features and he didn't seem to be wearing a hat.

Becoming truly frightened, she had her children hide under beds, then returned to the windows, where she squeezed her eyes all but shut to make out his face. She was certain he was no one she knew. No one she knew seemed so stiff, so severe, in carriage. He approached the fence around their property and reached a hand for the gate, and Grandma Cindy started. She had seen nothing above his collar and his tie because there was nothing to see. The stranger had no head. The realization squeezed air deep, deep into her lungs, where she couldn't reach it to pull it back up. Unable to move, unable to speak, she watched him step into the yard and, then, fade away.

By most accounts Joseph Powell was a rather dissolute fellow, given to making and drinking whiskey, playing cards, wearing a pistol openly, and just generally being away from home, away from wife and children, without explanation and without apology, for days at a time.

Just where he may have been in those last days of December is suggested

by a story neighbor Tom Williams shared many years later. Tom recalled that when a mere twelve or fourteen years old, he was appointed by Pistol Joe Powell and his colleagues to stand watch, shotgun in hand, in the woods at some remove from where they were making whiskey illegally. Tom was told not to let anyone near.

"Now what would I have done if someone had shown up?" Tom asked.

"Shot them? I don't know."³⁵

"Grandmother Lucinda said Grandpa was a really good guy that everybody liked, until he went to town and got liquored up," says Faye Downard Burnette. "Then he went sort of wild. Grandfather was exceptionally good with a gun. He liked to ride through the Duck's Nest, as [the local watering hole] was called, waving his gun and shooting, making everybody run for cover. Thus his name, Pistol Joe Powell."³⁶

Now he was missing, and though he had been away for some time, Grandma Cindy said she wasn't looking for him. She'd made that mistake once before, she said. Joe had been away from home day and night for two or three days once when she had gone looking for him. When she found him, "Joe let her have it," as grandson Herb Powell tells. "She said she'd never go looking for him again, no matter how long he was missing. And she didn't."³⁷

A lead in the mysterious disappearance of Joe Powell came from an unexpected source. Joe Powell's son-in-law, Guilford "Doc" Eversole, allegedly

said to seventeen-year-old Jesse Powell, I know where I'd look if it was my daddy missing." Family legend has it Doc Eversole was not only son-in-law, but Duck's Nest compatriot of Joe Powell. Joe's daughter, Mary Angelina, became, at age sixteen, Doc's third wife. He was twenty years older than she was. He was an untrained practitioner of medical arts, reputedly addicted to several of the substances he carried in a genuine doctor's satchel, including opium, and developer, he claimed, of a tonic cure for tuberculosis.³⁸

Jesse made his way to the creek near Big Hill where Doc Eversole had suggested he look. He was accompanied by his missing father's younger half-brother, Jimmy Lamb. Son and brother found Joe Powell laying face down at the edge of the creek, his head in the shallow water, the back of his skull crushed in. To Jimmy Lamb, it appeared someone had struck his brother with the butt of a revolver. Jimmy searched the ground. For perhaps the first time in Joseph Powell's adult life, he was without his own revolver.³⁹

Hobart Parker was one of the last men to see Joe Powell alive. "A man of very few words," Jerome Parker, grandnephew of Hobart, says. "No one would mess with him, maybe because he was a war veteran." He had fought in the First World War, concluded only two years earlier.

On December 21, 1920, Hobart Parker rode to the Duck's Nest in Big Hill--no more than two or three miles from Joe Powell's Horse Cove Hollow home--in search of his brother, James Walter Parker. He found his brother knocked out on

the ground with others, standing above him, embroiled in a fight. Hobart trained a gun on the combatants, lifted his unconscious brother across his horse, and backed away from the scene.

"If he knew who killed Joe Powell," Jerome Parker says, "he didn't say. He took it to his grave."⁴⁰

Though Joe's mysterious demise was described officially as an "accident," an informal effort was begun to uncover who had been present and participated in what was commonly believed to be a murder. Friends of Joe Powell escorted suspects into the woods, out of earshot and, placing revolvers to the suspects' heads, suggested strongly that names be named.

"It'd be worse for me if I tell," one of these men is reputed to have said.

At least one of these suspects was found shot dead shortly thereafter, either having killed himself or been killed by others who assumed he had revealed what he knew.⁴¹

Then a curious little poem appeared in the local paper, *The Berea* [Kentucky] *Citizen*. "The Ballad of Pistol John" reads like a rather remorseless confession to a homicide, perhaps accidental, similar in many respects to that of my great-grandfather.⁴² Though, as history has shown, it was unlikely to lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone in the death of Pistol Joe Powell, it presents itself as an eyewitness account of the last events in a life very much like his and, as such, tells us all we're ever likely to know of his death. In the poem, "Pistol

John" draws his revolver on his compatriots when they catch him cheating at cards. His angry friends distract, then disarm him and, when he takes flight into the surrounding woodlands, they pursue him. With bullets from his own gun whistling past his ears, Pistol John races headlong to the edge of a cliff, where his momentum pitches him into the air and down to a creek below. As our amateur poet tells it, "With a frightful yell/ For the fear of Hell/ He leaps through the falling snow."⁴³

For Cindy Powell, it had all been more than enough. Like Mrs. Peak in George Gissing's *Born in Exile*, Cindy found "her husband's death was not an occasion of unmingled mourning. For the last few years she had suffered severely from domestic discord, and when left at peace by bereavement she turned with a sense of liberation to the task of caring for her children's future" (22). She buried her husband on Christmas Day and never remarried. She would raise the four youngest of her ten children alone, moving with them from the relative isolation of Horse Cove Hollow to Blue Lick, some four or five miles away, where Joe had prepaid three years rent on a small farm and orchard. There she and her children raised a garden and dried beans, pickled beans and corn, cured apples, and cut, stripped, and pressed sugar cane. They raised hogs, chickens, and eggs.⁴⁴

To earn money for flour, salt, and sugar, Cindy and her children raised a handful of dairy cows and made cream. In the summer, they picked and sold

berries. She washed and ironed laundry for a lawyer in Berea, a distant cousin of her late husband's, and, once a week, walked the four or five miles to Berea to sew at a clothing repair shop. In lieu of a paycheck, she received vouchers for clothing and shoes.

Grandma Cindy received assistance from friends and family, as well. For a year, her son, Jesse, and his bride lived with her to help with the farm. Her son-in-law, my grandfather, Arthur Barrett, plowed her fields and helped her to butcher her hogs. In exchange, Cindy and her children helped to hoe Arthur's fields. Neighbors John and Bessie Cook generously provided vegetables and dry goods. Their seven-year-old son, Sherman, who decades later would have a profound effect on my own life, carried these supplies up the short stretch of dirt road between their homes.

It's not quite clear when Cindy Powell became Pentecostal. She was raised Old Regular Baptist and, in fact, her father and grandfather were Baptist preachers. Of course, she would have known of Pentecostalism as early as 1913, when her brother-in-law, Jimmy Lamb, a deacon in the Baptist church she attended, was filled with the Holy Ghost and became a Holiness-Pentecostal evangelist. What *is* known is that in 1921, very shortly after moving to Blue Lick, she began to hold prayer meetings in her home, and her neighbors began to experience events, they believed, like those described in *Joel* and *The Acts of the Apostles*.⁴⁵

Once a month, the front room of her small house was emptied of what little furniture the family possessed and planks stretched between lard cans. Some of her Blue Lick neighbors came carrying their bibles and guitars. Occasionally Jimmy Lamb, Johnny Abner, Elmer Jones, Lutes Carrier, Pee Hobbs and others, together with their families, walked the five or six miles from Red Lick and squeezed into her house. Jimmy Lamb's church at Red Lick and Lewis York's at Big Hill (formerly a Church of Christ), also five or six miles away, were the nearest Pentecostal churches at the time.

At Cindy Powell's, the one or two persons who could would read from the Bible to the others, then they all lowered themselves onto their knees and prayed aloud. They anointed one another with oil for healing or comfort and sang without hymnals. If he were there, Jimmy Lamb might preach, quoting from memory remarkable stretches of the scriptures he could read only with great difficulty and after years of reading instruction from his wife. Because Jimmy Lamb was usually away speaking at any one of a number of churches he visited in Kentucky and, beginning at about this same time, in Ohio, worshippers at Cindy Powell's simply gave testimonies, women and men alike speaking extemporaneously and exuberantly about the manifestations of God's love and will in their daily lives. Anyone could testify at any point in the meeting and for as long as she or he felt it was the will of God to do so. Services often heated up during testimonies and people would begin to speak in tongues, shout, and dance

in the Spirit.

Lucinda's daughter, my grandmother, Bertha Powell Barrett, who at age 23 had been married six years and was the mother of three children (she would have eleven children in all), received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, speaking in tongues and dancing in the Spirit, at one of these services. Bertha's mother-in-law, Charlotte Baker Barrett (another former Baptist), received the blessing, as well, as did four of Charlotte's five daughters.

My great-grandmother created a congregation. She made no claims to the ministry that I'm aware of, but as one who attended services she conducted says, she "brought the Holiness people" to her community and helped nurture a congregation for years before it founded an actual church. She continued to hold services in her home for a number of years, then for a few more years monthly services were held in the homes of others she'd introduced to Pentecostalism. Finally, just about the time Cindy Powell moved to southeastern Indiana (1929), a small one-room schoolhouse not far from Blue Lick was made into a Pentecostal church. Other Pentecostal churches emerged in the area in the decades to follow, but by then my grandparents had followed my great-grandmother north, first to Ohio (1940), then to Indiana (1945), part of a migration of Appalachians and other Southerners, black and white, to the

industrialized North in the decades following the First World War, a migration that was to redefine Uncle Jimmy Lamb's evangelism, then lure him from Red Lick, as well.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WASH WOMEN

The work began among the colored people. God baptized several sanctified wash women with the Holy Ghost, who have been much used of Him.

William Joseph Seymour⁴⁶

It would be a mistake to underestimate the import of services like those conducted by Lucinda Powell in her home. Again and again in histories of Pentecostalism, this is how things began. A private home. A handful of persons. Desires for a personal experience of the divine. Word that such experiences were taking place one community or one county over and were available to all who would but believe. And perhaps of even greater social significance, belief that women may play significant roles in and often lead services where such experiences occur--that God, in a phrase, speaks through women as well as men. Not an insight typically attributed to Pentecostals, and yet, as Deborah Vansau McCauley asserts:

[Appalachian m]ountain women would always have a prominent place in their religious culture, although limitations would vary from one mountain church tradition to another. Their 'liberties' ranged from freedom to voice their own spontaneous, ecstatic expressions; to praying out loud and testifying; to preaching in many independent Holiness churches (as well as in the rural

mountain churches of the Church of God), or on the local radio or at revivals. Women also serve as caretakers of church houses or may be prime movers in starting up a church; finally a woman may achieve the nearly unchallengeable authority of a church 'matriarch' (a term not used by mountain people)--a position associated with age, wisdom, and outstanding spiritual maturity. (221)

The practices McCauley describes follow from premises of "plain-folk camp-meeting" culture, one of the strands which together with German pietism, Scots-Irish and Baptist revivalism, and Wesleyan Holiness-Pentecostalism informs what McCauley calls "Appalachian mountain religion." In the highlands, these otherwise disparate traditions all emphasize the priesthood of all believers and the free polity of churches, a primitivist, democratic critique of the professionalization of clergy and the associationalism and denominationalism of churches among Protestants on the eastern seaboard.

In practical terms this means that a significant percentage of highland churches are owned by an individual (often the pastor of the church), a family, or a small board of elders and that of these quite a few remain wholly independent of regional or national associations. Many small Pentecostal congregations have no traffic whatsoever with the Assemblies of God, the Churches of God, the United Pentecostal Church, or any other of the many, many Pentecostal organizations across the U.S. and around the world. Nominally (Old School) Baptist and Holiness-Pentecostal congregations in the region resemble one another more than they resemble, say, Southern Baptist and United Pentecostal

congregations, respectively, down valley or elsewhere in the United States.

Congregations, like individuals, have thus freed themselves to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling (55-60).

In Appalachia and among displaced Appalachians elsewhere in the country, practices, therefore, may vary in significant ways from church to church, even from, say, one Pentecostal church to another, and within this culture, a perhaps surprising number of women fill any and all of the roles males do in their congregations. In her study of Pentecostal congregations in rural Missouri, ethnographer Elaine Lawless reveals that

. . . the most surprising outcome of my research has been the discovery that a number of women preachers in central Missouri actually do hold the position of pastor of a church--that is, they solely occupy the single most authoritative position in the church and assume all of the power and responsibilities that that position implies. In fact, while their numbers are by no means great, nearly every small town in central Missouri is likely to have one congregation that will be pastored by a woman, often several. In almost every case, these churches will be Pentecostal. Rarely, if ever, will the Baptist or Methodist churches have a woman pastor. (12-13)

As a number of recent historical studies remind us, within revival culture in the eighteenth and nineteenth century women created for themselves an authority other women in dominant, East Coast Protestant churches were denied. As Christine Leigh Heyrman demonstrates, early revival culture explicitly critiqued notions of male primacy, class privilege, and the naturalness of slavery. Deborah Vansau McCauley cites the relative egalitarianism of revival culture as primary

among a number of incentives some dominants felt to evangelize in the West.

In fact, in *Enthusiasm, a Chapter in the History of Religion*, Ronald Knox asserts that from the heterodox Christian Montanists of the second century C.E. to the present, "the history of enthusiasm is largely the history of female emancipation" (25). In his excoriation of the movement, the orthodox Christian historian Eusebius preserved the names of the movement's founder, Montanus, and, significantly, of two "prophetesses," Priscilla and Maximilla. Prior to his conversion to Christianity, Montanus was a priest of the goddess Cybele. After conversion, he experienced convulsions, then trances which his followers believed to be manifestations of the Holy Spirit. While entranced, he spoke, sometimes poetically, statements again believed by followers to be divine in origin, as when he cried out, "Behold, the human is as a lyre, and I rush on him as a plectrum."⁴⁷ More significantly, Montanus, Priscilla, and Maximilla are all reputed to have had glossolalic experiences like those attributed to the Christian community at Jerusalem a century earlier. That Priscilla and Maximilla are among the relatively few women named in early Christian texts speaks to their significance in the earliest years of a movement which, despite its heterodoxy, endured for more than three centuries.

Events like those in Phrygia were to recur throughout the history of Christianity, among Jansenists, Camisards, Convulsionaries, Moravians, Quakers, Shakers, Irvingites, Methodists, and, of course, Pentecostals. Among those

eighteenth-century revivalists and charismatics persecuted by dominant Protestants was the Shaker prophet, Mother Ann Lee, who was literally beaten and dragged out of a number of New England communities. A century and a half later, the most famous charismatic in the nation was Aimee Semple McPherson, revivalist, radio personality, and founder of the pentecostal International Church of the Foursquare Gospel. Of Pentecostals, in particular, Harvey Cox writes,

. . . pentecostals, who take the authority of the Bible very seriously but also believe in direct revelation through visions, have opened a wider space for women than most other Christian denominations have. What the Bible says is one thing, but when God speaks to you directly, that supersedes everything else. (*Fire* 131)

Such a perspective on the relative status of the Word and the Spirit in Pentecostalism and on the emancipatory properties of pneumatic religion more generally is informed by another important strand of the movement--the blend of African and Christian beliefs and practices innovated by African Americans during slavery. As Iain MacRobert states

For the African, the black slave and the black American or West Indian Pentecostal, religion is primarily about experiencing the power of God. God's presence and power must be felt or revealed in a pragmatic, personal, subjective, and even exciting way. It is a religion of the Spirit, and only in a secondary sense a religion of the Book. The Bible was often rejected by slaves because it was used by some white preachers to justify and uphold slavery. The God they served in their secret meetings was a God who possessed them with his Spirit and liberated them in ecstatic worship. (14)

It is no mere coincidence that the twentieth-century Pentecostal movement began among a small congregation comprised mostly of unemployed and working-poor

blacks gathered in a former livery under the direction of a black itinerant preacher. Modern Pentecostalism shares many of the features of the African and African American religious traditions from which--together with those traditions I've already described--it sprang. Modern Pentecostalism began by most accounts in Los Angeles in 1906, when William J. Seymour began a revival which was to last for two years and become almost immediately a national and international phenomenon.

Elements in the religion of Seymour, of other black Americans, and of West Indian Pentecostals, including those now settled in Britain, cannot be fully understood without some consideration of their African origins and the conditions of slavery under which a black understanding of Christianity was formed. (9)

Despite later splits in the movement along racial lines, most Pentecostalism globally is undeniably a legacy of Seymour and the Azuza Street revival. Vinson Synan states emphatically that "[d]irectly or indirectly, practically all of the Pentecostal groups in existence can trace their lineage to the Azuza Mission" (114). A variety of ministers intrigued by events at Azuza Street came from all across the country and returned to their congregations with word that the Pentecost described in *The Acts of the Apostles* was occurring anew. Thomas Ball Barratt arrived from Norway and returned to introduce the new movement there within weeks of the first glossolalic experiences among Seymour's congregation. Likewise, Pentecostalism was introduced almost immediately in England after A. A. Boddy attended the Azuza Street revival. As MacRobert

relates,

So many missionaries went out from Azuza (some thirty-eight left by October 1906) that within two years the movement had spread to over fifty nations including Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, South Africa, Hong Kong, China, Ceylon and India. (56)

Not surprising then that before 1910, Johnny and Lucy Abner were "filled with the Holy Ghost," as Pentecostals say, in their native Garrard County, Kentucky, possession evinced by their speaking in tongues. Also not surprising that in 1913, sometime after the Abners moved to Red Lick, Kentucky, and began to hold Pentecostal prayer meetings, Jimmy Lamb, Cindy Powell, and many, many of their neighbors became glossolalic.

Classical (particularly first-generation) Pentecostalism seems to speak to the hearts of specific groups of people. Seymour made much of the fact that the new Pentecost began among the disenfranchised and the working poor. Anthropologist Virginia Hine has noted that "[a]gain and again" Pentecostals speak of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in terms of power--"[s]piritual power to overcome not only spiritual but temporal obstacles" (658). More pointedly, McCauley states that revivalist religions like Pentecostalism "are concerned both with breaking through and displacing a prevailing social order" (209). As I will discuss in greater detail a little later, Hines and others find that perceived limited access to social power, in particular, is an important factor in the acquisition and frequency of tongues speech. From the Montanists to the slave South to Azuza

Street and modern Pentecostalism, ecstatic religion has been a protest by the marginalized--women, African Americans, the poor, and many others--against their marginal status.

PART THREE

**FURTHER THAN YOU WANT TO GO . . .
LONGER THAN YOU WANT TO STAY**

JOURNAL ENTRY⁴⁸

March 1986

. . . I cannot even now write fully the thoughts that I've only recently begun to admit to myself. My life--past, present, and future--seems focused on this painful period. As if the past was always leading me here and the decisions which emerge from this period will determine my future. . . .

My world is devastated. I have no where to stand. I'm reeling in emptiness and I cannot make a decision that binds me to anyone. Paula really likes me and that's so heartwarming, but she could never allow herself to understand what is happening to me and she could never share the thoughts that I have (and why would she want to?). And she would crush me if I ever truly fell in love with her because God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, church and her family are that important to her. I didn't even listen to Sherman preach tonight. He read the second chapter of *II Corinthians* and then focused on verse 11 about Satan and I turned to *Mark* and read the first two chapters while he preached.

Two significant days that I feel had unexpected and tremendous impact on me were the day in 10th grade American History when Mr. Willis asked sarcastically who in the class still believed the story of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden was fact and the day about a year ago in a Bible study at MUM

when I argued stupidly with a young man who believed God's grace covers any sin you ever commit again. In Willis' class, before shooting my hand into the air, I looked behind me at a class of more than sixty students. Not one hand was raised. I couldn't believe it. I lost the courage to raise my own, and felt that, like Peter, I had denied Christ. Years later, during a Bible study at MUM, my heart pounded fiercely and I was so raging mad and after saying a multitude of things, fundamentalist things I couldn't even believe myself that I was saying, I said, "The day I stop striving to be as perfect as I can be is the day I begin dying." In some incredibly unfunny, odd way those two days stand out to me as the two most significant for leaving me almost faithless now.

I ask myself questions like, Why didn't God place Christ in the Garden of Eden, who after all, was the only man who has ever lived who would not have eaten of the forbidden fruit? Or why didn't God cast Satan into Hell immediately and prevent his further influence upon mankind. Or if not either of those why didn't Christ appear to the Sanhedrin and Pilate after his resurrection--why only to his disciples whose testimony would be much more open to doubt? And why is faith so important that God never once physically manifests himself? And all these questions are asked within the framework of Christian belief--assuming that the Garden of Eden is historical, for instance. A lot of my thoughts are outside that framework. For instance a lot of the Old Testament, especially things in Genesis and Psalms, suggest to me that the writers had no thoughts of an afterlife.

The death of man and animals are comparable in one of the Psalms, I believe, and even in Jesus' time the Sadducees, I believe, didn't believe in a resurrection or anything like it. David Dixon said this morning in Sunday School to our young adult class that if you don't believe in Satan you don't belong in church because 'You don't even know who your enemy is.' Sherman mentioned Jacob and Esau, using the story of the pottage and birthright in the traditional sense of demonstrating for what small things we give up our spiritual birthright, but the story has for some time raised the question for me what kind of brother would require of his elder brother a birthright in return for a bowl of soup to keep him from starving.

I feel so incredibly lonely. I feel I don't belong in either of the two worlds I'm so strongly exposed to at this point--church and college. No one knows my thoughts or just how deeply troubled I feel--no one. Only what I've admitted to myself and then only what I've written in these pages. I don't feel fully like a part of my family anymore, although the time I spend with them is still some of the warmest for me and I've never felt so close to my sister Brenda. Even so, I know this would separate us, somehow, in strong ways, even more. And Aimee and I have not been close enough for the last two years so that I could talk to her about the things that have been troubling me so deeply. And Paula I could never tell

these things. I want to be understood and to have someone I care about and trust and respect to talk to, but I also don't want to be the individual to steal away something as precious as another person's faith.

CHAPTER TWELVE

HE'S GOT GARY BAUER EYES, PART THE FIRST

January 1984

Professor Morris Cohen, a legend at CCNY, also conducted an introduction-to-philosophy course. The semester was almost at an end when a coed arose in the role of intellectually ravished virtue, and declared, 'Professor Cohen, you have knocked a hole in everything I have ever believed in and you have given me nothing to take its place!'

But Professor Cohen had a mind well poised against the slings and arrows of outraged virtue.

'Young lady,' replied, 'you will recall that as one of the labors of Hercules, he was required to clean out the Augean stables. He was not, let me point out, required to refill them.'

Henry D Spaulding

Encyclopedia of Jewish Humor

though not large by university standards nationally, Room 101 in Johnston
T Hall is twice as large as any other on the Middletown campus of Miami
University. It holds, I guess, as many as two hundred students. The room
is rectangular, with a raised platform running most of the length of one long wall.
Doors on either end of the lectern open into the hallway. Opposite the lectern,
windows look out on a green and on Gardner-Harvey Library. The room evokes
memories of the sanctuary at Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle, the two rooms
being similar not only architecturally, but functionally, as it seems to me. From

the lectern or, more often, the aisles, where he seems most comfortable, Bill Giesler begins the dismantling of the only world I have ever known.

Giesler's Western Civs lectures remind me of Sherman Cook's sermons, perhaps because both persons so often step down from the platform at the front of the room and walk the aisles among us. Both single out persons in the room-- Sherman by first name, of course, Giesler by an anonymous nod of his head-- asking questions, asking for confirmation, poking fun as they speak. Both enliven their presentations with stories from their own lives, including stories about their experiences in the military during the Second World War. Giesler tells of his experiences as an officer, in France, in a camp for German POWs, writing medical transfers for as many of his charges as possible when ordered to transport them behind Soviet lines and turn them over to Soviet troops after the war. Both Giesler and Sherman are short, heavy men, bald and in their sixties. Giesler has a degenerative hip condition, which makes walking increasingly difficult for him. Interestingly, though perhaps not unexpectedly, God figures significantly and by name in the presentations of both persons. They even share a preoccupation with conservative Christianity, though, as one might expect, their statements about it differ significantly.

I care for Giesler for reasons that escape me. I make him a much larger figure in my life than he needs to be, perhaps because I have made college a much bigger event in my life than it needs to be, both when I was terrified away

from it when I graduated from high school and now, at age twenty-four, when I have begun college classes. The aura I have given college encompasses Giesler, as well. He is in some sense or to some degree what I long to be--perhaps best, but imperfectly, described as an educated human being.

Like Sherman, Giesler speaks to my lifelong interest in the beginnings of things, ultimately the beginning of all things. He assigns Vere Gordon Childe's *Man Makes Himself*, a text which strikes me as curiously, satisfyingly biblical, not only in its focus on regions and peoples discussed in the Bible, but in its emphasis on the origins of those peoples in those regions and the cultures and institutions which sustain them, and in its definitiveness, its self-assurance that *this* is how things were, its apparently unquestioned assumption that one can write *the* story of the periods and peoples it deals with. Even the use of the word, man, to indicate all humanity is reminiscent of the King James Version of the Bible I'm most familiar with. Of course, the boastful title strikes me as intended to provoke religious conservatives: intended by Childe to provoke the Christian conservatives of his day, the William Jennings Bryan crowd, and intended by Giesler to provoke supporters of Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, who have recently helped to elect Ronald Reagan President of the United States. The title suggests this is something of an atheist's *Genesis*, I think. And I *am* provoked, though characteristically not enough to speak up, not enough to stick my neck out.

At the same time, I'm intrigued by the story the book tells--its suggestion that there have been only two revolutions in human experience worthy of the name--the Neolithic and the Industrial. I seem to want to know the story of human culture as well from Childe's perspective as I know it from the point of view of biblical writers. I'm playing what for me is an old game, a game at least as old as Mrs. Spicer's fifth grade World History class, in which I became fascinated with events and creatures--the Ice Ages with their plethora of mastodons, mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, giant sloths, and miniature horses--that my father said could not exist when Mrs. Spicer told us they did, the world being no more than six thousand years old. I did well in Mrs. Spicer's class because I compartmentalized the things I was learning, those from home, the more privileged of the lot, stored separately from those things I learned at school.

I would do the same in Mrs. Stephens' seventh grade English class, when we studied ancient Greek mythology, which fascinated me, but which was again in conflict with beliefs at home. I knew I wasn't even to name other gods. How much worse it must be, then, to *study* them. More than that, I suspected emphasis was being placed on the religious beliefs of ancient Greeks as *mythology* to imply Christianity itself might be mythology. After all, some ancients believed these stories as wholeheartedly as I believed in those of the Bible. For that reason, it offended me to hear their stories referred to as myths, a curious Pentecostal defense of paganism perhaps. By placing Mrs. Stephens' gods, demi-gods, and

heroes somewhere in my mind in proximity to Mrs. Spicer's neanderthals, cro-magnons, and homo sapiens, I was able to do well in each class, reveal nothing of my religious beliefs, and maintain my ties with friends, extended family, and God.

I'm trying to maintain the same balance of church and state in Giesler's class now. We've made our way to the Protestant Reformation and Giesler has made his way unwittingly to within a couple rows of my desk. I'm particularly attentive to his talk about some of the more charismatic of the later Protestants--Jansenists, Camisards, Convulsionaries, the early Quakers--groups who in their zeal to reestablish the Church on first-century principles experience phenomena like those described in *The Acts of the Apostles*, speaking in tongues, spiritual drunkenness, and the like. I'm thinking my father might find this some confirmation of his belief that there have always been "pentecostal" people. I'm amazed to learn that contained in the church history my father otherwise disdains are accounts of experiences like those I've observed or experienced myself at Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle. I'll have to tell him when I see him tonight. Not that I expect him to be impressed. "That's *theology*," he'll say, shoveling the term over his teeth and out of his mouth as he always does when he finds it there. Still, he'll be surprised.

"These groups would work themselves into a psychological frenzy," Giesler says now, then pauses. "And groups like them do to this day. Anyone

here attend a church where things like this go on?"

My chest tightens. My face and neck burn. This is Willis' tenth-grade history class. This is a second chance. A chance to undo the mistake I made, the cowardice I displayed, eight years earlier. A chance to acknowledge that, yes, I was with Jesus at Gethsemene; yes, I'm an accomplice. I don't look right or left. I look at Giesler, who's surveying the room, and I raise my hand. You bet. That's exactly what goes on at the church I attend. I know what these people you describe experienced centuries ago. I've experienced the same myself. I'm Saved, Sanctified, and I'm praying for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I get on my hands and knees at the end of every service at Ferry Road now and pray as fervently as I know how for the gift of unknown, heavenly tongues.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FERRY ROAD FULL GOSPEL TABERNACLE

January 1984

What! Has the miracle of Pentecost been renewed? Have the cloven tongues come down again? Where are they? The sound filled the whole house just now. I heard the seventeen languages in full action: --Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians; --every one of these must have had its representative in this room two minutes since

What do I talk about the gift of tongues? Gift, indeed! I mistook the chapter, and book, and testament: --Gospel for law, Acts for Genesis, the city of Jerusalem for the plain of Shinar. It was no gift, but the [confusion] of tongues which has gabbled me deaf as a post.

Charlotte Bronte
*Shirley*⁴⁹

Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle, in Waynesville, Ohio, is in all-out revival. Barry Cornett and I are among a half dozen persons seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Barry is a little younger than I am, maybe twenty, twenty-one. I'm twenty-four. I've been taking classes at MUM for five or six months, and I continue to work ten or fifteen hours a week at Clayton Rogers Plumbing, a subcontracting firm in Hamilton, Ohio, where I'm a journeyperson plumber and where I've worked with my father and uncle for

seven years. Barry plans to join the Air Force. He and I stand at the altar, arms stretched toward the ceiling, praying fervently, praying aloud. An elderly female evangelist stands before us, facing us, exhorting us. Sister Meiers is a large woman, tall and heavy, sixty years or more in age. Her coarse, grey hair is pulled back and wound in a loose bun low on her neck. She wears a pin on her cotton dress, a cross and dove, symbols of Christ and the Holy Ghost. She's up from Kentucky. She tells the congregation about the night she received the Holy Ghost.

"I'd been praying hard," she says. "And I asked the Lord, if they was anything in my life didn't please him, show me what it was and give me the strength to let it go. I was praying, and Brother Parker said, 'Ettie, I think you're ready. When I lay hands on your forehead, you'll speak in tongues.' And he did and, praise the Lord, *I* did."

Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle nestles among gently rolling hills and fields of soybeans and corn a mile or two outside Waynesville, a hamlet in Warren County, Ohio, thirty miles north of Cincinnati. The church is a one-story brick structure, designed with quick strokes on a sheet of ruled paper and constructed by members of the congregation, many of them employed in the building trades. From above, the building must look like a cross missing an arm, the sanctuary and fellowship hall abutting and comprising the long vertical beam of the cross, a foyer and four Sunday School rooms to one side of the sanctuary

comprising one of its arms, the missing arm an unintentional desecration.

The sanctuary is full tonight. Twenty double rows of pews hold two or three hundred worshippers, almost all of whom are on their feet. Some stand in the wide aisle up the middle of the sanctuary, between the pews, still others in the two narrow aisles along the side walls. On the rostrum, musicians and vocalists stand at their seats among three rows of pews each to the right, left, and behind the pulpit, turned to face the congregation.

The vocalists--male and female--sing stirring hymns, hymns with quick tempos, gospel songs about the power to overcome adversity, to make it through, as Pentecostals say. Three women who feel to do so stand at mikes. A number of vocalists play tambourines as they sing, wrists rotating rapidly, rhythmically, right-left, right-left, almost a blur, the instruments rapped to stirring effect against a thigh, just above the knee, or the heel of a left hand. To the vocalists' left, a young woman plays a baby grand piano. Beyond her, a number of young men play acoustic guitars. One plays an electric bass.

On the walls behind the performers, four ceramic figures of Christ reach out into three-dimensional space. I haven't seen anything like them at any church I've ever attended. Each panel is roughly two feet wide and four feet tall suspended halfway between floor and ceiling. A Christ stands in the center of each. Together, they depict four moments in Christ's cross-burdened march to Golgotha. Not quite the twelve stations of the cross, a number of which these

folks don't believe in, in any case. In the last of the panels here, Christ's robe is being torn from him, his lean, muscular chest and stomach a startling sight in a Pentecostal church. I've wondered in the past if any visiting Pentecostals are ever offended by not just the immodesty, but the virility of this last panel. I like that it's there. I think it speaks well of these folks that it's there.

Across the rostrum, facing the pulpit from the right, a number of older women stand at seats which have become theirs with time, clapping their hands as they sing. Like most other women in the congregation, these women wear dresses and skirts. They prefer to wear their hair long, even uncut, though styles of all lengths are worn, particularly by young women.

The men on the rostrum and in the congregation dress casually, some even wearing jeans. Most wear slacks and dress shirts. On Sunday mornings, they dress more formally than for other services, a few men wearing sports jackets, and, fewer still, ties. Young men, in particular, remain in shirtsleeves.

Most services begin this way, with music. Church services are conducted on Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday nights. Sunday mornings are devoted to Sunday School classes. Evenings, in impromptu fashion, individual vocalists begin services by selecting songs, usually singing only a verse or two. The congregation joins in, and depending on the popularity of the song, the vocalists repeat one or both of these verses time and time again, sometimes for ten or twenty minutes. To begin, a vocalist whispers his or her selection to a musician,

waits for the musician to find the appropriate key, and then sings into a mike. The songs are all from the one edition of hymnal the church has purchased or from songs individual singers have introduced to the church over the years. Some are contemporary, songs churchmembers are familiar with from Christian broadcasts on local radio stations. At times the tempo may slow, as if to bring a song to a close, when an individual, either a musician or a member of the congregation, sometimes the pastor himself, will raise his or her voice to lead the congregation through the verse again. The effect can be electrifying, each repetition of a verse sung more passionately and loudly than the previous one.

Some services, particularly Sunday night services, can become mostly musical, though, again, this is a spontaneous, egalitarian choice. To talk about it as *a choice* is something of a sacrilege, however--churchmembers believe they are following the guidance of the Spirit, as they are wont to say. The Spirit reveals itself through the passion of the singing and playing and their effects on the congregation. Musicians or members of the congregation may "get happy" or "get a blessing" or "get in the Spirit," all terms to describe a spontaneous physical expression--anything from sudden movements of arms, legs, head, boisterous vocalization, whooping, and speaking in tongues to coming out of the pews and racing up and down the aisles or dancing in the Spirit before the altar. At such times, many in the congregation raise their hands. Many cry out spontaneously, "Thank you, Jesus, thank you, Lord." Musicians or Sherman Cook, the pastor,

may move from one song to another, again the selections made spontaneously. The tempo of new songs may be faster than those of previous songs, encouraging the congregation to greater abandon, or they may be a shift from joy and release to sudden seriousness, reflection, and even sadness. These choices are made by any number of individuals, "self-appointed," all following the lead of the Spirit, as they believe.

During most services, a handful of opening songs give way to a period of prayer requests, during which members ask the congregation to pray for them or for loved ones or in response to events in the nation or the world believed to be of particular import to the church or individuals in the church. When requests have been taken, church members go onto their knees and turn to face their seats, and pray aloud their individual prayers, some quite boisterously and passionately. Members pray as long as they choose, most praying for five to ten minutes, those who have prayed less time, rising, retaking their seats, and sitting quietly until all have concluded their prayers, the decrease in the din as persons cease praying becoming itself something of a signal to others to bring their prayers to a close. Some toddlers and young children jabber away throughout the event, standing in their seats. Others stand in the floor to use their seats as a desktop to do coloring or to play with dolls or ninjas or hot wheels. Some others bicker or run along a pew or break out into the aisles. Still others, in fact a great many, remain mostly quiet, some praying beside father or mother.

This period is followed by one of personal testimonies, individual accounts of God's works in the speaker's life. Any and all who wish to do so may testify. An individual rises, saying something like, "I want to thank the Lord tonight." Most all give thanks at having been "saved," what other denominations call having been "born again," a week, a month, a year or years or decades earlier.⁵⁰ Some give thanks to be present, not so much a statement of specific difficulties overcome on the way to the service as an assertion of the uncertainty of life generally. From the lips of a seasoned speaker, a testimony may become a sermon. Because many Pentecostals are loath to put limits on testimonies and because often sermons are, like testimonies, extemporaneous, distinctions between the two easily disappear. At times, testifiers "get happy," clapping their hands, jumping up and down, and speaking in tongues. Others and sometimes many in the congregation may be moved similarly. In such a case, the pastor or a visiting evangelist may rise, stride to the pulpit and announce into the microphone, "I wrote down a few words to say a little something if the Lord called on me, but it looks like I won't be needing them. The Spirit of the Lord is all over Sister (or Brother) So-and-So. It's all over this house. It's here. Everybody just do as the Lord leads you."

Often the presence of a "sinner" determines the direction a service will take. Often a sinner becomes the focus of an entire service. A sinner may be a friend or relative of a member of the congregation. If the church knows the

person well and has been praying for them for months or years at a parent's or sibling's request, these can be powerful services. The church responds as if this may be the last opportunity they have to entice this person to come to the altar and "accept Christ." Often this is the explicit text the pastor preaches when he comes to the pulpit. These are some of the most moving services I've ever attended. Such services reify the values and world-view of the congregation, fulfill its sense of mission. Many of the Pentecostals I know don't proselytize, in the popular sense of that term, and a service like this becomes a special opportunity to help bring a soul to reunion with its creator. Many speak of leading sinners to Christ by example. "We should be joyful so others want what we've got," I've heard some say. "People see you down in the face all the time, they're not gonna want what you've got." "My life is my ministry." "People should know you're different, just by looking at you, just by talking to you. It should show."

Other services, like tonight's, are times of refreshing, as this congregation says. Persons are receiving individually from the Holy Ghost what they need. Some cry, almost inconsolably. Some run the aisles, whooping and leaping into the air. These experiences often occur when some are praying for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as Barry and I and a number of others are tonight, a process that may take a few hours or a few days, or weeks or months or years. For the members of this congregation, such a baptism is evinced by speaking in tongues.

For some, this "fire baptism" never comes. My mother and sister are filled with Holy Ghost. They've spoken in tongues. My father is not, has not. I've been praying for the baptism for a number of weeks now, with greater and greater intensity. "You've got to want this more than anything else in life," I've been told a number of times, and I'm striving mightily for just such a state of mind.

Barry and I and a number of others seeking the baptism stand at the front of the church, our backs to the congregation, our toes almost touching the rostrum. Sister Meiers stands on the rostrum, facing us, looking down at us. Many members of the congregation, many of them members of my extended family, stand around us. I feel their hands on my back and shoulders. I hear their prayers in my ear. Some weep as they pray. Some speak in tongues. Among them, I hear the deep, parched voice of our pastor, Sherman Cook, a coal miner and farmer from southeastern Kentucky who, like my own ancestors, migrated from Appalachia to the industrialized North before World War II.

Sherman is a short man, five and a half feet tall, and heavysset, weighing a hundred and eighty pounds or so. His hands are large, thick, and sun-ripened, but rest lightly on my shoulder, a reassurance, a comfort. In Kentucky, when my disreputable great-grandfather, Pistol Joe Powell, was killed by some of his whiskey-making comrades, little Sherman Cook carried vegetables and dry goods from his parents to my great-grandmother and her children. Later, Sherman Cook became a protégé of Uncle Jimmy Lamb and founded three Pentecostal

churches himself. For a family like mine that had found itself, for more than a century, embroiled in clan warfare and activities like those epitomized by Grandpa Joe Powell, these evangelists were sources of pride.

Sherman Cook is, then, a dear old friend. His sonorous voice is a comfort to me, and in the din--and I do mean din--that encloses Barry and me, I listen for it. "Bless these children, Lord," he cries. "Bless them. Fill Brother Barry and Brother Steve with your sweet, sweet Spirit. Let them go on for you, Lord. Give them strength."

Sister Meiers touches my forehead with a wrinkled, but remarkably soft palm. I can feel the wrinkles, as if I've brushed them with my fingertips, not my forehead. "If you have faith," she says, "you'll be filled with the Holy Ghost. It can happen to you just like it happened to me. You can go to heaven without receiving the blessing, but you've missed out on something special, something the Lord's prepared for you. Something the Lord wants you to have. He wants to give you this, children. He wants you to be saved and live a sanctified life. He wants to fill you with the Holy Ghost. This is something that's going to get you through this life. This is something you're going to need. This'll give you strength to go on for the Lord when you feel you can't go on."

"Dear God," I pray aloud, my prayers drowned out by those all around me and throughout the church, "touch me. Touch my heart and my mind. Open my heart. Open my mind. Cleanse me. Sanctify me. Sanctify my heart and mind.

Fill me with the Holy Ghost and fire. Fill me with your Spirit." Arms in the air, I lean back, I raise my face to the ceiling, eyes clenched. I go up on my toes, stretch myself, pray to feel heaven with the tips of my fingers. Behind my words is a longing to be found worthy of God's notice and of this particular beneficence of God.

I pray for a half-hour, an hour, and still I pray. Sweat runs down my face and back. I feel my whole body begin to shake. This is it, I think, this is it. I've seen others shake like this under the influence of the Spirit. I listen to my words as I pray. English. English. English. Only English. Still English. Then I see things with my clenched eyes. I see Christ riding a white horse. He holds in his hands the reins to a second horse, also white, saddled, but riderless. Behind Christ I see many, many others on horses, beautiful dark horses, the riders robed like Christ. This is like a scene out of Revelations, the Second Advent, Christ and the hosts of heaven coming to earth to take up the saints and do battle with Satan, the Anti-Christ, and the False Prophet, and their minions. I look to the horse Christ leads, and I wonder, Is this for me? Will I speak in tongues if Christ offers that I take to the saddle of this horse? Is this how it happens?

Christ and host ride across my field of vision, right to left. I sense they're approaching someone just beyond my sight. Is it me? It's not. It's Sherman Cook, worn, weary, seventy-year-old Sherman Cook, someone who's done all that was asked of him, someone who's proven his mettle, someone who seems to

love others (and, by extension, God) with a depth and genuineness I've never seen in another human being, with a depth and genuineness I envy, I long for, but do not possess. Christ has prepared this horse for Sherman Cook. Of course. It makes all the sense in the world.

I'm embarrassed to have been revealed thinking only of myself. I have done nothing. Why would I think this honor was for me? Being filled with Holy Ghost isn't about *me*. That's been the problem all along, for weeks now while I've prayed for the baptism. I'm too self-conscious. I'm too self-focused. I should be thinking about others. I should be thinking about what my being filled with Holy Ghost means I'll be able to do for others. That's my problem. That's always been my problem. I don't think of others. I've always only thought of myself.

I begin to weep. Still, I pray. Still, I pray aloud. Guitars play. Tambourines ring. Hands clap. Voices cry out on my behalf. Palms rest on the shoulders and back of my wet shirt. I cry uncontrollably, inconsolably. I'm gazing upon Christ's wounds now. I examine his face, just below his hairline, where thorns pierce his skin. As if standing right next to him, I follow one thorn to the point where it enters his head, the flesh around the wound puckered and red, blood pasting his hair to his forehead. My attention is drawn from one thorn to the next and then the next, to dozens of thorns in a crown of thorns turned inward, pinning the diadem to his head. I feel my attention drawn to the wounds in his hands, then his feet, his side, and I cry. I feel as though my best friend is

crucified.

Then, without transition, I begin to laugh. I laugh boisterously, raucously, joyfully, then ecstatically. Christ takes me in his arms. He holds me. He tells me he loves me. Only inches away, he looks into my eyes unwaveringly, and I think how few times anyone has done that, how I long for that, for the acceptance it signifies and the reassurances--about myself and the world--it gives me. I feel I have stepped into the very pages of the gospels, as if I am present at events I have only read about and heard my father and grandfather and grandmother and Sherman Cook talk about, and though I am in the midst of a pressing crowd, Christ is looking into my eyes, Christ knows who I am, Christ is holding me, knows all there is to know about me and still he tells me he loves me. I laugh without restraint, my joy so without bounds tears run down my face. Cool tears. Refreshing tears. I've never felt joy and laughed like this in my life.

Again without transition, I am irreconcilably saddened, grief-stricken, and the tears running down my face seem to turn hot. I cry as I did when Grandma Barrett died when I was twelve and as I felt to cry, but couldn't because I was seventeen when Grandpa Barrett died. After long, long minutes, I feel a joy well up inside me, and I laugh again, as wholly unrestrained as before. The service lasts for hours, literally, and I swing back and forth like this, from joy to grief, joy to grief, so that I can no longer stand without support. Two men drape my arms around their shoulders. I'm moved that they seem unhindered by my wet

shirt. Barry and I are the last seekers to cease praying. He's had as intense an experience as have I. We're both drained, his clothes as hot and wet as my own. He hasn't spoken in tongues either. All this, and the two of us remain not quite fire baptized. A sole singer holds a mike, accompanied by the pianist and a single guitarist. The song is a slow, soothing one. Most members of the congregation have long since gone home.

Sister Meiers rises from a pew behind us. She must have come down from the rostrum some time ago and taken a seat on an emptying pew to catch her breath. She rests a hand on Barry's shirtsleeve and I'm amazed anew by people's willingness to touch our wet clothes. She studies Barry's face, then mine. "You boys are close," she says. "Don't get discouraged. Keep praying. You can be filled with the Holy Ghost at home same as church." While being led away from the altar, I whimper sadly, then laugh quietly, back and forth, back and forth, one emotion as delicious and enriching as the other.

"Drunk in the Spirit," Alene Cook says, laughing. Then soothes me as I cry. She quotes *Acts of the Apostles*, ". . . as if drunk with new wine." Not quite fire-baptized.

All this and I haven't spoken in tongues

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HE'S GOT GARY BAUER EYES, PART THE SECOND

January 1984

Giesler sees my hand and turns his head. He studies my face for a moment.

GI wonder if my appearance meets his estimation of a holy roller, a religious fanatic, a crackpot. I wonder if he even knows my name, if he's trying to come up with a last name comma first name, a social security number, a paper topic or, more unlikely, a memorable passage in a paper, a column of marks in his grade book, something, anything, to confirm or complicate whatever thoughts about me this latest piece of information conjures up.

I say nothing. I can't speak. I have the gift of no tongues at all. All I do is *feel*. I feel conspicuous. I feel isolated. I feel ashamed and ashamed of my shame. I feel I've righted a wrong and yet understand now more than then why I committed the wrong in the first place. I feel hatred for Giesler and, for reasons I don't understand, love for him. I care too much what he thinks of me. I care too much what the strangers in this too big lecture hall think of me. I'm afraid of them, and I know I must not care, that I'll never do what God expects of me if I continue to care so much what others think of me, that it makes no sense that I care what people I don't even know think of me, people who certainly know

nothing of me and, now that I've raised my hand, will know less rather than more about me, that it's cowardice that I care, that what I really care about is what will happen to me, that what I really care about is me, not God. I've stood up for my beliefs, and I don't feel a bit better for having done so. It seems it was a no-win situation all along. I feel set up. I feel Doubly set up.

Giesler hesitates for a moment. Gives the room another going over. Perhaps my confession will inspire another. God knows why? Tallies up the results. One.

I know there are others. In the past, in Willis' class, in Burns' class, in countless other situations, I did not know, but now I know.

"They preach it hot, don't they?" Giesler says to me. More punctuation than statement. He wants to move on.

I nod, try to smile. A co-conspirator.

When he picks up his lecture, I don't listen, but his words are in my head. Psychological frenzy. Psychological frenzy. Psychological frenzy. As simple as that. Nothing of God in it. The tears a manifestation of emotional instability. The ecstasy a delusion. The visions hallucinations. The speaking in tongues a psycholinguistic curiosity (*A Psychology Today* I picked up while shopping with Mom at Ayr Way some weeks ago calls speaking in tongues "glossolalia," says samples studied possess none of the recognizable characteristics of language--no verbs, no nouns, just sounds and syllables gleaned from the speaker's native

language). The prophecies lies. The ministers hucksters. The songs inducements. The believers fools.

Uncle Jimmy Lamb a fool.

Grandma Cindy Powell a fool.

Grandma Barrett a pathology and a fool.

Dad a fool.

Sherman Cook a fool.

Steve Barrett a fool. An ignorant hillbilly. A dumb briar hopper. The product of generations of isolation, illiteracy, inbreeding.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DISEASED MINDS AND DISEASED BODIES

The human understanding is no dry light, but receives infusion from the will and affections; whence proceed sciences which may be called 'sciences as one would.' For what a man [or woman] had rather were true he [or she] more readily believes. Therefore he [or she] rejects difficult things from impatience of research; sober things, because they narrow hope; the deeper things of nature, from superstition; the light of experience, from arrogance and pride; things not commonly believed, out of deference to the opinion of the vulgar. Numberless in short are the ways, and sometimes imperceptible, in which the affections color and infect the understanding.

Francis Bacon
Novum Organon

allous of Giesler? Even cruel? Perhaps. Thin-skinned, even *no-skinned* of me, as was said, I believe, of Dreiser? Certainly. I wonder to myself even now why one phrase in particular from Giesler would make such an impact on me. There were certainly many others--many other similar phrases and many other similarly minded professors. Was this the first time I had heard a psychological explanation for the charismatic events I had experienced at church? Hard to believe that could be true, but that seems to be how I experienced it, perhaps because I was in the very midst of praying for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost at precisely the same time, driving fifty-plus miles to and from

Waynesville, Ohio, where I attended Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle three nights a week, going to the altar night after night, praying to be found worthy of the gift of tongues.

It seems significant that Giesler was an authority figure--as a professor, perhaps a more awesome figure to a Pentecostal, first-generation student than to many of my peers. Also significant that the comment was delivered as part of a lecture. I find all these factors worth mulling over, but I think the greater factor is that Giesler's assessment of Pentecostalism struck me immediately as what people *would say* about such experiences. To me, the phrase "psychological frenzy" rang true not as a description of what I was experiencing at Ferry Road, but as an explanation non-Pentecostals *would give* for those experiences. A strange moment, as if someone pointed out a stranger and said, "That's you! That person looks just like you!" and even upon looking more closely, I don't see and, moreover, don't want to see the resemblance.

Giesler stands on the shoulders of a number of heavyweights, of course--not the least of whom is William James. As one might expect, James discusses charismatic phenomena under the rubric "the morbid way," as evidence of "the sick soul." He accounts for the intensity of religious expression among some sick souls in the following manner:

. . . [T]he deliverance must come in as strong a form as the complaint, if it is to take effect; and that seems a reason why the coarse religions, revivalistic, orgiastic, with blood and miracles and

supernatural operations, may possibly never be displaced. Some constitutions need them too much. (137)

Such views on "revivalistic" religion are borrowed (to put the most flattering face on it), either consciously or unconsciously, and are at least a century old when they appear in James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The emphases and the tone are not original with James, but are those of missionaries, coastal New England Protestants like John F. Schermerhorn and Samuel J. Mills, whose own sociopolitical hegemony in the Republic seems to them threatened by egalitarian religious developments throughout the Appalachian highlands and in lands west: in rural northern New England, upstate New York and in the Old Southwest.⁵¹ In fact, it is safe to say, Schermerhorn, Mills, and a host of New England missionaries like them throughout the nineteenth century, proponents of American Benevolence and, later, the "Christianization" (i.e. "Protestantization") of America--given, in a sense, new legitimacy by James and other practitioners of Social Darwinist rhetoric--shaped significantly *psychologists'* understanding of "coarse religions" well into the twentieth century.

In its extremist manifestation, the "complaint" James speaks of above is, he says,

... desperation absolute and complete, the whole universe coagulating about the sufferer into a material of overwhelming horror, surrounding [her or] him without opening or end. Not the conception or intellectual perception of evil, but the grisly blood-freezing heart-palsying sensation of it close upon one, and no other conception or sensation able to live for a moment in its presence.

(136-137)

According to James' predecessors (in tone as well as time)--early nineteenth-century mainstream Protestant missionaries--false prophets on the margins of the republic bring the destitute, the ignorant, the morbid and the gullible to just such a prescience. It is the period later to be known as the Second Great Awakening, and New England missionaries Schermerhorn and Mills make a tour of the Old Southwest, a time and a region where, as Giesler might say, they preach it hot. As Schermerhorn and Mills report, unschooled, even unlettered, itinerant preachers--New Lights, Methodists, Shakers and others--"excite the passions; . . . terrify and raise into transports of joy, rather than . . . inform the mind, convince the understanding . . . " (quoted in McCauley 352). Here are James' "complaint" and "deliverance" "in . . . strong . . . form." Such "spiritual excitement," writes James, "takes pathological forms whenever other interests are too few and the intellect too narrow" (265). And according to Schermerhorn and Mills and other missionaries, interests on the frontier were necessarily few and intellects very narrow indeed.⁵²

Baptism and Methodism flourished on the nation's margins when, as Schermerhorn and Mills assert "men of information and influence" (on the East Coast) prefer more venerable and dominant forms of Protestantism (374). Of particular concern to these two missionaries were the lack of credentials among exhorters and of emotional restraint among the exhorted, all encouraged by a

troublesome doctrine of "the Spirit within" central to Appalachian mountain religion then as now, a doctrine at once primitivist and democratic, harkening back both to the first-century Christian church as revealed in *The Acts of the Apostles* and in the Pauline epistles and to the (unfilled) promise of the American Revolution.⁵³ From the doctrine of "the Spirit within" follow beliefs in the priesthood of all believers, the relative non-hierarchical organization of congregations, and the independence of those congregations from any and all regional and national associations.

Recognizing nothing of East Coast Protestantism in the camp meetings and brush arbor services of the Old Southwest, missionaries and commentators early on perceived no religion at all, a perception that, as McCauley states, persists to some extent even today (264). She describes what she calls the "hidden quality" of the nonaligned or tentatively aligned church communities which comprise much of Appalachian mountain religion--"hidden" because non-aligned and therefore easily deemed irrelevant. This strikes me as intriguingly parallel to the invisibility of many religious conservative students in university classrooms. For Schermerhorn and Mills and generations of mainstream Protestants who followed them, these were people literally out of control or, more precisely, beyond control--beyond schools, beyond seminaries, beyond association, beyond reason, beyond the mountains, and without God.⁵⁴

Writing in 1822, theologian Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College,

asserts that the poor, deluded "foresters or Pioneers" who are exhorted by charlatans or pathologues to all manner of foolishness and self-abasement "cannot live in regular society" (quoted in McCauley 393). In *Travels; in New England and New-York*, he says, "They are too idle; too talkative; too passionate; too prodigal; and shiftless; to acquire either property or character. They are impatient about the restraints of law, religion, and morality" (393). Of course, the region Dwight describes has been and will continue for some years to be "burnt-over" by brush arbor revivals among passionate, prodigal, shiftless Shakers, Methodists, Mormons, Matthiasites, and innumerable, mostly forgotten others.⁵⁵

Decades later, in the highlands of the Old Southwest, things haven't much improved, as an 1851 article in an American Home Missionary Society organ reveals rather reluctantly: "[d]escriptions of the nature following may be regarded as not in the best taste; but as they are *sad*--if not sober--realities, which the missionary has to encounter in certain sections, they who undertake to sustain him by their sympathy and prayers, ought to know how it fares with him and his message, and what obstacles have to be overcome" (quoted in McCauley 375). Primary among those obstacles is Appalachian mountain religion itself, some of the practices of which our anonymous journalist holds up to ridicule and scorn. The writer is aghast ". . . to see the way they 'get religion,' as they call it!":

They seem glad enough to hear Presbyterian preaching, provided it

costs them nothing; but when it comes to 'jinin' the church, why, to-be-sure, that must take place at a 'big meeting,' where there is a great deal of shouting and 'hallelujah singing going on' After a passionate appeal, (which is evidently intended to reach the weaker part of the congregation first,) about departed friends, and a vindication of shouting, the mourners are called for. (375)

These mourners, or potential converts, are "required" to kneel for hours, after which "through suffocation and exhaustion, a profuse sweat breaks out upon them," and to alleviate their discomfort they "[spring] upon their feet, and [hop] about, and [clap] their hands, and [scream] out with loud percussive emphasis, 'Glory, glory, glory, hallelujah, I've got it, I've got it,' et cetera" (375).

Other chroniclers of events "coarse" and Appalachian aren't quite so coy. The deficiencies of intellect, education, and emotional restraint implied but not stated here are made explicit in an account of a Mormon service written at about the same time by another more dominant Protestant. Writes this latter, "Those who speak in tongues are generally the most illiterate among the [Latter Day] Saints" (quoted in Cutten 73). No ambiguity whatsoever here, as there is in the phrase above, "weaker part of the congregation." Consequently, our anti-Mormon pamphleteer adds, they "cannot command words as quick as they would wish, and instead of waiting for a suitable word to come to their memories, they break forth in the first sound their tongues can articulate no matter what it is" (73-74). In other words, they wax glossolalic.

As obviously biased and unsophisticated as is this theory, it becomes a

centerpiece of G. B. Cutten's *Speaking in Tongues: Historically and Psychologically Considered*, for a number of decades early in the present century the single most authoritative text on glossolalia *per se*. Citing this and other contemporaneous first-hand accounts of glossolalic phenomena throughout history, Cutten asserts with confidence that intellectual deficiency is a primary inducement to glossolalic speech. For instance, he emphasizes (and equates with low intelligence) the illiteracy of Isabeau Vincent, a glossolalic "prophetess" in seventeenth-century Cevennes, and says of a number of those moved by her and others like her that they were "incapable of instruction" or "almost idiotic" (58).

Two centuries later, in Great Britain, only the "uncultivated," as Cutten calls them, among the members of the primitivist, millennialist, and evangelical "Irvingites" (Catholic Apostolic Church) became glossolalic. Their leader, Edward Irving, because he was "cultivated," remained non-glossolalic though he actively sought the experience for years. It seems our observer of the Latter Day Saints had it right. In fact, Cutten seems hard pressed to go much beyond his or her anti-Mormon rhetoric; aside from a little Latin phraseology and a propensity for even greater generalization, Cutten contributes almost nothing original to the pamphleteer's thesis (and institutionalizes much that's harmful) when he writes:

Let us suppose, the conditions as already described: external and internal excitement, suggestion in some form, and an illiterate person about to speak. *Ex hypothesi*, the person has poor power of expression and a limited vocabulary. The excitement drives him to say something. Perhaps for a short time he speaks normally, then

the pressure of nervous energy increases, so that with the inadequate power of expression he is unable to say what he desires; confusion reigns in the mind; the upper centers become clogged, rational control takes flight, the lower centers assume control, a trance condition may be present, the suggestion is for speech, and because there is no rational control or direction there breaks forth a lot of meaningless syllables. (168-169)

Not that Cutten ever put the hypothetical connection between low intelligence, illiteracy, and a predisposition to glossolalia to a test. And not that anyone else did either (Maloney and Lovekin 81). In fact, as later researchers of glossolalia have pointed out, such a connection was "merely inferred" by Cutten from the relatively low socioeconomic status of most of the Pentecostals of his day, of so-called "classical" or first-generation Pentecostals, Pentecostals like Uncle Jimmy Lamb and Grandma Cindy Powell (81). Nothing reveals more clearly the extent to which a person's and a culture's "tastes," as Pierre Bourdieu explicates the term,⁵⁶ determine a person's and a culture's "science" than does the scientific discourse on glossolalia and--more to the point--the discourse on glossolalics.

In fact, one wonders why Cutten didn't attempt to quantify a relationship between intellectual deficiency and a propensity to speak in tongues; for had he attempted to do so the work of a number of other researchers suggests he would have found it. In their 1985 study, *Glossolalia: Behavioral Science Perspectives on Speaking in Tongues*, Newton Maloney and Adams Lovekin describe in some detail the scientific discourse this century on the phenomenon. During much of this time, they suggest, studies of glossolalia have focused on the phenomenon as

a consequence of hypnotism, hysteria, and psychic contagion--the implication in each case being that glossolalics were deficient in some respect relative to non-glossolalics--and empirical supports for each of these hypotheses were erected. For instance, in studies conducted in 1911 and 1972 respectively, Mosiman and Kildahl find that glossolalics are more susceptible to suggestion, certainly post-hypnotic suggestion, than are non-glossolalics. (Maloney and Lovekin 86). In 1897, LeBaron asserts that speaking in tongues is "the loose jargon of the maniac" (quoted in Maloney and Lovekin 85), and Janet is only a little more refined when ten years later he suggests tongues speakers are hysterics, this diagnosis becoming thereafter "the most common . . . ascribed to glossolalics," say Maloney and Lovekin (86).

In his 1921 study, *The Gift of Tongues: A Study in Pathological Aspects in Christianity*, A. Mackie states most strongly perhaps the case for speaking in tongues as evidence of mental illness:

It ought to be a matter of common knowledge that such states of mind and action are the expressions of diseased minds and diseased bodies, that when we are dealing with an extraordinary religious experience we are very likely dealing with disease. . . . (quoted in Maloney and Lovekin 85)

Four decades later and as recently as 1964, psychologist J. G. Finch writes of an individual he treats who makes "an hysterical attempt to hold together his shattering ego by a frantic leap into glossolalia" (quoted in Maloney and Lovekin 86). With time, this person becomes schizophrenic and must be committed to a

psychiatric hospital. That same year, Lapsley and Simpson find that glossolalia, like any other neurotic symptom, functions to alleviate post-traumatic anxiety and is symptomatic of arrested personality development (86).

Many of these constructions of speaking in tongues and of glossolalics have been complicated, if not countered altogether, by other, often more recent psychological studies. Malony and Lovekin cite a number which taken together would support assertions that glossolalics are no more susceptible to post-hypnotic suggestion than are non-glossolalics (Vivier; Hilgard; Malony, Zwaanstra and Ramsey).⁵⁷ Likewise, constructions of tongues speakers as altogether or disproportionately hysteric or neurotic are called into question by studies conducted by Schwarz; Allard; Plog and Pitcher; Gerrard, Gerrard and Tellegen; Kildahl; Richardson; and Lovekin and Malony.⁵⁸

Let's look briefly at only three or four of these studies. In 1965 Plog and Pitcher administered California Psychological Inventories to more than eight hundred glossolalists in Los Angeles and Seattle. Additionally, they conducted in-depth interviews with a quarter of the participants. The glossolalists they studied were found to be fully functional, responsible, productive human beings. Similar findings are reported by Kildahl, as well as by Maloney and Lovekin. In 1972, Kildahl administered Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventories and Thematic Apperception Tests to both glossolalic and non-glossolalic members of mainstream congregations. On the MMPI, tongues speakers scored *lower* for

depression and otherwise exhibited no statistically significant differences from their non-tongues-speaking peers. The TAT results suggested the tongues speakers behave less autonomously and more dependently than the others, but Kildahl concluded that overall "one group is not any more mentally healthy than the other" (quoted in Malony and Lovekin 90).

In a similar study of glossolalists and non-glossolalists, Lovekin and Malony administered a number of personality inventories before, during and months after a "Life in the Spirit Seminar" held in Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches and attended by members of those congregations seeking what Pentecostals call "the baptism of the Holy Ghost." The researchers report that although none of the participants deviated significantly from norms in any of the pre-tests, all of them evinced greater personality integration during and after the post-tests. Based on their own studies and others they cite (some of which I've described here), Malony and Lovekin assert that

The weight of the evidence seems to be that speaking in tongues does not occur, if it ever did, in persons who are mentally ill in any clinical sense of that term. Although there do seem to be certain ways in which glossolalia functions within the personality and although there do seem to be some identifiable personality needs and traits with those who speak in tongues, these seem to be within normal limits and, in fact, there is some evidence that glossolalics may be more healthy mentally than others. (91)

But I've reserved what I find to be the most telling study until now--that of Gerrard, Gerrard, and Tellegen, who administered Minnesota Multiphasic

Personality Inventories to members of Methodist and snake-handling Pentecostal churches. The study found that

[members of] the conventional denomination, compared to the serpent-handlers, are on the average more defensive, less inclined to admit undesirable traits, more ready to use mechanisms of denial and repression. The older [members of the] conventional denomination in addition . . . show indications of marked depressive symptomology. The serpent-handlers appear less defensive and restrained. On the contrary, they seemed to be more exhibitionistic, excitable, and pleasure-oriented . . . and are less controlled by considerations of conformity to the general culture, particularly middle class culture. There is no evidence for systematic differences between the two groups on dimensions of thought disorder. (quoted in Malony and Lovekin 88)

These findings seem similar to an earlier finding by Schwarz that six members of a snake-handling Pentecostal congregation he examined "evidence no current neurotic, psychotic, or psychosomatic reactions, or of pathologic dissociative behavior" (quoted in Malony and Lovekin 88). But Gerrard, Gerrard and Tellegen don't stop at this. They add a component to their study not found in many others. They distribute the MMP Inventories they collected to four psychologists who are not otherwise part of the study and ask that these scientists sort Methodist from Pentecostal profiles. Of course, those profiles suggesting the most "deviation" are most often assigned to the snake-handlers, demonstrating, as Malony and Lovekin point out, that "there is a continuing bias among numerous behavioral scientists to ascribe psychopathology to those groups that are deviant in their religious expression" (88).

As I've suggested all along, the biases uncovered by the Gerrard, Gerrard and Tellegen study (and by a number of other studies cited by Malony and Lovekin) are old ones even by 1927, when G. B. Cutten institutionalizes them in his influential *Speaking in Tongues: Historically and Psychologically Considered*. What William James does for revivalist religion generally, Cutten does for glossolalic religion specifically: he lends an air of scientific credibility to the prejudices of evangelical East Coast Protestants of a century earlier. One may even say that, like countless others in their day, James and Cutten, in the instances cited here, help to make the world safe for Social Darwinism (and more "unsafe" for critiques of Social Darwinism--experiential and theoretical critiques--such as Appalachian Holiness-Pentecostalism).

My own primary concern is that though Social Darwinism has since lost credibility, the prejudices it reinscribed seem to flourish nonetheless, seem, in fact, to wear the mantle of *science* even today. Countless comments like those of Professors Giesler and Burns early in my own college career seem more informed by the rhetoric of James, Cutten, and Mackie (and, by extension, that of Dwight, Schermerhorn, Mills, and the American Home Missionary Society) than by that of more recent scientists. My own experience has often been that more recent studies which do not assume mental deficiency or mental illness among glossolalists have all the impact of retractions of yesterday's front-page stories buried deep in the pages of today's newspaper.

I'd like to linger a little over Gerrard, Gerrard, and Tellegen's assertion that glossolalists are "less controlled by considerations of conformity to the general culture, particularly middle class culture," a point which, as I've suggested, others have made about religious conservatives generally,⁵⁹ about Pentecostals more specifically,⁶⁰ and about Appalachian mountain religion (including Appalachian Holiness-Pentecostalism), in particular.⁶¹ Gerrard, Gerrard, and Tellegen uncover here the critical component in pneumatic, charismatic religion. I believe that glossolalia is not so much a psychological or physiological phenomenon--though it is certainly very much both of those things--as it is a sociopolitical critique of dominant culture--a critique of whatever dominants in whatever cultures across the centuries and around the globe where glossolalia has emerged. Glossolalia is at once a psychological, physiological and political critique. It is, in fact, a dismantling of the boundaries between those terms, a critique of the constructing of mind, body, and body politic as discrete "things" and a critique of cultures that construct them so. It is the language of protest, the language of what Paulo Friere calls critical consciousness, perhaps even the pre-patriarchal language-before-language psycholinguistic feminists theorize. No wonder it terrifies James, Cutten, Mackie, Schermerhorn, Mills, Dwight, and the American Home Missions Society, among countless others.

Glossolalia is conscientizacao and praxis, for it is not merely reaction or even response, but an act, a manifestation of agency, and a demonstration of the

malleability of culture and--because they're the same thing--reality. It is a work wrought by marginals upon reality, a reality otherwise wrought largely by (or on behalf of) dominants for dominants.

I want to be clear here. I'm asserting that glossolalia is not "symptomatic" of protest, it *is* protest. It is not compensation for (a socioenonomic) reality, as some suggest, but the transubstantiation of reality. Glossolalia evokes fear and revulsion in James, Cutten, Mackie, Schermerhorn, Mills, Dwight, and the American Home Missions Society and evokes the same in countless others to this day because they recognize it for what it is, an act of resistance against a culture in which James, Cutten, and Company feel empowered and an act of transubstantiation upon that culture, a making of that culture something else again, which they find threatening, and quite wisely so.

In *The Social Sources of Denominationalism*, Richard Niebuhr argues that social unrest plays as significant a role in the birth and development of religious sects as do conflicts over religious doctrine and church government. Sects, he states, are created when relatively disempowered persons separate themselves from the congregations and religious organizations to which hitherto they have belonged, separate themselves from that congregation's and organization's emphases on formality, ritual, a professional clergy, conservative social policies, acquiescence with dominant culture, and create their own congregations. Turning their backs on practices and structures which have disenfranchised them,

as they believe, these sectarians disperse clerical powers throughout the group and emphasize a marked moment of commitment, or "conversion," and adherence to standards of behavior at once indicative of membership in the sect and critical of dominant culture (Maloney and Lovekin 115). These were emphases of Uncle Jimmy Lamb and Grandma Cindy Powell, as they are of much of Holiness and Pentecostalism generally.

In effect, Niebuhr offers an important critique of nearly all the studies we've discussed thus far. It's worth noting that his analysis appears only two years later than Cutten's and that where Cutten sees low intelligence and later Mackie mental illness, Niebuhr sees what we might call today critical consciousness as a primary inducement to sectarianism. With Niebuhr the bases of sectarianism are no longer pathological, but political, and subsequent studies of glossolalia, in particular, tend to construe the phenomena as a response to inequality and oppression. As I've already suggested, we shouldn't see this as so much a shift from a psychological to a cultural emphasis in research and theory as a critique of the constructing of the psychological and sociopolitical as discrete categories, as disparate "things." As Ioan Lewis reminds us, women's possession cults, of which Pentecostalism is a recent manifestation, are "thinly disguised protest movements" (31). Likewise, Ronald Knox asserts that the history of religious enthusiasm is "largely the history of female emancipation . . ." (25). Elaine Lawless and Deborah Vansau McCauley see particular evidence of the

emancipatory emphasis of Pentecostalism in beliefs in the "priesthood of all believers" and the free polity of congregations and in practices such as testimony and glossolalia, practices in which women participate at least as actively as men and which elevated some Pentecostal women to pastorates decades before women in more mainstream congregations.

With Niebuhr, Lewis, and Knox, then, emphasis begins to be placed on pneumatic religion as a cultural phenomenon. Along these lines, a number of anthropologists, sociologists, and cultural psychologists have posited "deprivation" as an inducement to glossolalia. As articulated by Charles Glock, deprivation theory attempts to account for

. . . any and all of the ways that an individual or group may be, or feel, disadvantaged in comparison either to other individuals or groups or to an internalized set of standards. The experience of deprivation may be conscious, in which case the individual or group may be aware of its cause. Or it may be experienced as something other than deprivation, in which case its causes will be unknown to the individual or the group. But whether directly or indirectly experienced, whether its causes are known or unknown, deprivation tends to be accompanied by a desire to overcome it. ("Role" 27)

To experience deprivation, Glock points out, an individual or group need only *perceive* that access to socially and personally desirable rewards is limited. As he says, "The person who appears . . . privileged on objective criteria might nevertheless perceive himself [or herself] as . . . deprived" (27). The question remains, "privileged" and "deprived" in what sense(s)? Where earlier analyses of

sectarianism were concerned primarily with *economic* deprivation as an incentive, Glock delineates no less than five varieties of (self-perceived) deprivation --economic, social, organismic, ethical, and psychic--and posits only one--"social" or "status" deprivation--as significant in the experience of individuals within specifically glossolalic sects. Social deprivation, he argues, is "a derivative of the social propensity to value some attributes of individuals and groups more highly than others and to distribute [unequally] societal rewards such as prestige, power, status, and opportunity for social participation" (27).

Other researchers report similar findings. Virginia Hine concludes from her own ethnographic study of two hundred and thirty-nine Pentecostals that levels of income or education--frequently cited factors in assessing *economic* privilege--are not particularly significant inducements to glossolalia (657). On the other hand, *social* privilege, often assessed solely on occupational status, is an important factor. Specifically, Hine found that "frequent tongue speakers tended to have relatively lower occupational ratings than non-frequent tongue speakers" (658). She argues that this perceived limited access to social power is "consistent with the way in which Pentecostals characteristically describe the benefits of the Baptism of tongues. Again and again the concept of power is used. Spiritual power to overcome not only spiritual but temporal obstacles . . ." (658).

Notably, however, Deborah Vansau McCauley takes exception to

deprivation theory's emphasis on what Pentecostals do not possess rather than on what they do. Alternatively, she argues that Pentecostalism and other revival religions "are concerned both with breaking through and displacing a prevailing social order; they are creative, not compensatory" (209). And lest we wonder how significant is the displacement of a prevailing social order and how such a displacement is received by dominants, she adds,

This creates a new or separate status group now removed within itself from the control of the prevailing status group. It also creates a conflict as long as the prevailing status group is unwilling to acknowledge and accept the loss of its status authority or control over the identity and conduct of a membership group that asserts the integrity of its own autonomy by determining its own distinct style of life and system of values. (210)

What McCauley describes is the critical and resistant impetus to some religious conservative discourse and praxis, as in the case of Appalachian mountain religion, and a motivation seaboard Protestants felt to evangelize so intensely in that region in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Religious discourse, in general, and conservative discourse, in particular, are often construed as reinscribing dominant (historically, Protestant) culture, but such a perspective denies the important critical and resistant stance some religious discourse takes with respect to the state (and, by extension, the academy). In the case of appalachian Pentecostalism, in particular, adherents are not "hyper-Protestant," as it were, but critical of dominant Protestantism, as McCauley suggests here, as they are of sociopolitical dominants more generally. As I've already suggested,

for Niebuhr the bases of sectarianism are no longer pathological, as they were for a number of psychologists in his day, but political, and subsequent studies of glossolalia, in particular, have tended to construe the phenomena as a response to inequality and oppression.

Of course, I can't know if Professor Giesler knew of this construction of religious ecstasies as resisting dominant culture, but I'd like to think that had he been aware he would have spoken of these charismatic operations in terms other than mere "psychological frenzy."

Ironically, when the U. S. Congress proposed enacting a G. I. Bill in the last months of World War II to provide low interest loans to veterans for housing and education, the legislation was opposed by advocates for a number of universities, who argued that such an act would introduce a "rabble" into the academy.⁶² Among the rabble who eventually did make their way into the academy via this legislation was a soldier with a penchant for history named Bill Giesler.

PART FOUR

IT IS THOU

We can raise questions about accepted belief, work to complicate student understandings, push them to understand alternative positions. We can create what Donna Qualley⁶³ . . . calls a "counter-discourse" that invites a more complex alternative. Yet the spirit of this invitation is critical. It is one thing to demonstrate an alternative--to extend a repertoire; it is another to try to eradicate a 'lower' form of consciousness.

Thomas Newkirk

*The Performance of Self in Student Writing*⁶⁴

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

INVENTING THE WINDS OF CHANGE

Past and present always want to rise up and speak, and the speech they want to use is what my mother meant when she said bloodtalk. If you and I, together, can meet inside our histories, tarnished and bloodied and threadbare as they may be, if we can meet and speak out our histories until they become, through our words, flags of victory, then the sleepless devils of yesterday will disappear, and we can finally turn to the passion of everyday sustenance. At least today that is what I believe.

Kay E. Morgan

"Bloodtalk: Daynotes of a Psychotherapist"⁶⁵

his book opens with a dedication to my five-year-old nephew, Tyler. I
T write it in the hope that his experiences, should he decide to go to college, may be other than were many of my own, though I am of at least two opinions on this point. On the one hand, I would spare him some of the pain I've experienced. On the other hand, I would prepare him for it. I value much of my familial and religious heritages, feel many aspects of those heritages prepared me for college in ways many of my peers seemed not to be, though that's not to say that in many other ways my peers were more prepared for college than was I. At the same time, there's clearly something to be said for standing at some remove from one's own culture, one's own discourse communities--primary and

secondary--and examining that culture and those communities from another's perspective. I am who I am, I have the insights (and blindnesses) I do (and not someone else's) because I am Appalachian, working-class, Pentecostal *and* because I am a graduate student of English at a particular juncture in the history of the theory and practice of writing instruction.

My concerns for Tyler became most palpable while my wife and I stayed with his mother and with him. In May, 1994, I requested a one-year leave from my responsibilities as a graduate student and a teaching assistant at the University of New Hampshire. For two years previously I had become increasingly depressed, finally all but unable to come out of my bed to teach my classes, do my own work, and maintain my relationships with my friends and my wife. All this in spite of a year and a half of psychotherapy.

My therapist seemed most interested in my Pentecostalism as a child and young adult. I was much less interested. I thought our talk along these lines was a waste of time. Though I maintained close ties with a number of my Pentecostal friends, I no longer considered myself a Pentecostal. I thought I had processed all this stuff years ago. I believed our conversations about my Pentecostalism to be more my about my therapist than about me. He was white, middle-class, the father of two small children. He practiced in an attractive centuries-old home in one of the oldest English cities in the United States and drove a newish Volvo--a station wagon, no less. I was some exotic creature to him, I thought--an ape who

could speak, an ex-cult member, an anti-intellectual who had become an intellectual. I was a curiosity, a fascination, a case study. I was something he had never been and would never be, a lens on a world he might never have another opportunity to mull over in quite so much depth.

I decided I didn't need to talk, I needed to act. I called my father and asked if there was enough work available in the housing industry in the Cincinnati area to keep me busy for a year and could I come home. I stayed with my parents for six months, then with my sister and her son, Tyler, who was two at the time. I watched as every other weekend Tyler went to church with my parents, to the Pentecostal church my sister and I had attended ten years earlier.

I wondered what my sister was thinking. Like me, she rarely attended church. Did she want Tyler's head filled with all that dire end-of-the-world stuff she and I had heard all our lives from our grandfather and our father? And all that talk of the depravity of humanity? Did she want Tyler to bear the stigma, the "spoiled identity," as Erving Goffman says, that she and I did, as Goffman argues, do?

At the same time, I wrestled with what the implications would be for Tyler and for the clan to bring him up outside the Pentecostal church--the break with our family's history. Tyler is a fifth generation Pentecostal. His great-great-grandmother helped to found the movement in her region. If brought up outside the Pentecostal church would he look down on those inside it? Look down on

Pentecostalism, on his Appalachian heritage, on his working-class roots? What all does it mean to break with one's family of origin, particularly one as extensive, close-knit, steeped in its own history, and supportive as is ours? What of our family's history should we share with Tyler? Do we share with him all of the stories my grandfather shared with us? What were the (many) points of my grandfather's stories, anyway? Why did he tell stories? Why did he tell the particular stories he did? What do I do with them, now that they've been given to me?

To be quite honest, I don't know what all I think about my grandfather's stories these days, what my grandfather was making of me, what his mother had made of him, what her grandmother had made of her with some of these stories. What am I to do with stories of the Baker-Howard Feud, for instance? For good or ill, because of the family stories I've shared in these pages and the many others about them I haven't, Jim Howard, Tom Baker, and Frank Baker are larger-than-life figures for me. Maybe not role models, but figures with whom I must contend. What *am* I to do with the stories they've inspired? Is one point of the stories that larger-than-life persons avenge themselves of the wrongs they believe they've endured? Is another--perhaps, but not necessarily, contradictory--point that little good and much evil comes of such vengeance? And what am I to make of the roles Barretts played in the feud? Informers or law-abiding citizens (in the case of the Barrett who turned state's evidence on Tom Baker)? Skulkers

or well-advised migrants (in the case of Grandpa Will Barrett and the sheepskin-covered wagon wheels)? And what am I to make of the stories of Uncle Jimmy Lamb and Grandma Cindy Powell? Antidotes to the stories above (and those of Grandpa Pistol Joe Powell) or the flip side of the same coin? Sources of pride or, as I've been made to feel at times, further shame--the cure as disreputable as the disease, as William James might say; nothing good, as they say, ever coming from Galilee--Appalachia a poisoned well?

Though my grandfather died twenty years ago and my grandmother twenty-five years ago; though their farm has changed hands a number of times in those years; though the farmhouse, milkhouse, smokehouse, buggy shed, and barn have been burned and bulldozed away; and though now I live more than a thousand miles from these scenes; I dream of my grandfather and my grandmother weekly, sometimes nightly. Of course, that may be because I'm writing about them so much these days (and thinking about them even more). It's certainly because I'm trying to make sense of them, both as persons in their own right--persons shaped by particular historical and social forces--and as metaphors in my own life.

There are no easy answers to the many questions Tyler inspires in me. Suddenly what had seemed resolved to me became undeniably unresolved. My therapist's interest in my religious heritage seemed all at once not quite so prurient. The questions I was asking with respect to Tyler were the questions I

had been *living with*, the questions I had been *experiencing, feeling*, for the last ten years. What would it mean--for me, for the clan--if *I* were to break with my family of origin? And wasn't breaking with my family what I had been doing all this time? Wasn't each university degree carrying me further and further from my family in some of the ways that mattered most to . . . them? me? Is this part of the reason that for the moment I wasn't able to go on? Tyler was likely to have some of these same questions to wrestle with anyway, as a consequence of membership in the family, but he will certainly have them to wrestle with as a consequence of membership in the church. Not that I want his beliefs to go unchallenged. What the tenor of that challenge will be concerns me, though. What care will be taken of the human being whose beliefs are being challenged? I want the epistemologies critiquing those Tyler brings with him to be critiqued in class, as well. I hope that Tyler's literacies will not be constructed as debased or as otherwise "less than" those privileged in the academy. I'd like to see him respected as a person, treated as something other than a collection of archaic and dangerous ideas. And finally, I wish for Tyler that the conscientizcao otherwise prized in the academy, which he will develop as a Pentecostal, will not be dismissed merely because it is informed by his Pentecostalism.

Must we teachers "complicate" faith-identified students' epistemologies as a number of my colleagues from various of Composition's "camps" assert we must? I've heard similar assertions from liberal humanist, critical, and

postmodernist compositionists, some of whom do not agree on much else. And notably, I've never heard anyone question, much less critique, such an assertion. What specifically do we mean when we say we must "complicate" our students' thinking, and on what bases do we do so? What complicating discourses do we deploy? Liberal humanist? Scientific rationalist? Postmodern? On what bases--personal and professional--do we choose which to use? Training? Values? Privilege? And how to present these "counter-discourses"? As true? As natural? And I don't let postmodernists off the hook here, as may be expected, for many postmodernists strike me as being as "fully persuaded" of their postmodernism as are liberal humanists and religious conservatives of their own. As Charlene Spretnak states, ". . . many deconstructive postmodernists find themselves in the paradoxical situation of championing 'difference, multiplicity, and centerlessness' via a theory that is itself 'totalizing' because it dismisses all other perceptions of reality" (233). Faith-identified students are often constructed by posthumanists as something of hypermodernists: religious discourse, in general, and conservative discourse, in particular, are construed as reinscribing dominant culture. However, such a perspective denies the important critical and resistant stance some religious discourse takes with respect to the state (and, by extension, the academy). Therefore, even postmodernism, which has perhaps the greatest potential to bridge for some faith-centered students the perceived divide between their home literacies and those of the academy, may reemphasize such a divide.

All these discourses within Composition have the potential to construct some religious conservative students as particularly encumbered by their primary epistemologies.

I neither agree nor disagree that we must complicate our students' primary epistemologies. I believe that for many faith-centered students this will be their experience whatever our intentions, whatever our methods and our bases for deploying the methods we choose. Rather, my concern is that teachers are aware of some consequences of our pedagogies for a number of our students. I'm concerned, for instance, with assertions for the relative benignity of any pedagogy.

In "Diversity, Ideology, and Teaching Writing," Maxine Hairston argues that composition teachers whose theories and practices are informed by culturally critical theories "[put] dogma before diversity, politics before craft, ideology before critical thinking, and the social goals of the teacher before the educational needs of the student" (180). She describes these approaches to the teaching of first-year writing as a threat to "the process-oriented, low-risk, student-centered classroom" (180). More pointedly, she asserts, "The new model envisions required writing courses as vehicles for social reform rather than as student-centered workshops designed to build students' confidence and competence as writers" (180). Hairston posits one theoretical strand of Composition--expressivism--against a *number* of competing strands--critical,

cultural, epistemic, feminist and perhaps even overtly multicultural theories and pedagogies.

Many of the pedagogies she critiques as more about politics than writing are informed by epistemic rhetoric. As James Britton, James Berlin, Lester Faigley, and a number of others have stated, epistemic rhetoric emerged as a critique of the so-called expressivist rhetoric of Donald Murray, Peter Elbow, and Hairston herself, among many, many others. Cultural Studies, Literacy Studies, and multiculturalism, as they inform Composition Studies, follow from epistemic rhetoric's early focus on socio-political issues as important components of the writing process and the teaching of writing. An important voice among epistemic rhetoricians has been David Bartholomae. His "Inventing the University" is in some ways to social constructionism what Hairston's earlier "The Winds of Change" is to expressivism, both early, cogent, and much heeded calls for a sea change in the field of Composition. Two texts which he co-authored with Anthony Petrosky, *Facts, Artifacts, and Counterfacts* and *Ways of Reading*, for a time have all but defined how many social constructionist classes progress. Therefore, I'd like to look at Hairston's expressivist critique as it pertains to Bartholomae's epistemic pedagogy, in particular.

I've already shared some of my concerns about Bartholomae's emphasis on teaching non-traditional, first-generation, working-class students--so-called "basic writers"--the conventions of academic discourse only (Chapter Three). As

I say, I fear that there can be little, if any, of the working "within and against" discourse communities, academic and otherwise, that Bartholomae advocates. Because academic discourses, like all discourses, resist internal criticism--a point made by linguist James Paul Gee--with time, many of Bartholomae's students will likely find themselves very much "within" those academic discourses ("deconverted," "interpellated"), many others will find themselves very much "without," possibly more stigmatized, more "without," than before, and only a few students will find themselves "within and against." As Gee warns, secondary discourses such as academic discourses "empower those groups who have the fewest conflicts with their other discourses when they use them" ("Individuals" 5). Among those students whose other discourses are at odds with academic discourse, only those "able and willing to live with the initial cognitive dissonance and conflicts" will be able to perform both within and against academic discourse ("Literacy" 179).

Implicit in Maxine Hairston's essay is the belief that nothing of the kind takes place in the "low-risk" classrooms she describes. She describes a preferred first-year writing class, a class that gets at some of the same goals as Bartholomae--certainly student engagement with ideas, with texts, with other writers with diverse life experiences, and even with the writing requirements of the academy--but with none of the politics and teacher posturing for which many epistemicists, as she constructs them, are notorious. In process-oriented, student-

centered classrooms, she says,

Real diversity emerges from the students themselves and flourishes in a collaborative classroom in which they work together to develop their ideas and test them out on each other. They can discuss and examine their experiences, their assumptions, their values, and their questions. They can tell their stories to each other in a nurturant writing community. As they are increasingly exposed to the unique views and experiences of others, they will begin to appreciate differences and understand the rich tapestry of cultures that their individual stories make up. (191)

Exactly what my own Pentecostal father feared most. All the activities described by Hairston as benign helped significantly to undermine the ways of knowing of the primary discourse communities to which I belonged and to separate me in what remain irreparable ways from those communities. This isn't to argue that Hairston is somehow *more* deconstructive of those primary epistemologies than is Dale Bauer, David Bartholomae, Patricia Bizzell, or Henry Giroux, with whom she sees herself at odds. However, it is to argue that for some students such as myself Hairston is *as* deconstructive. For me, her classroom was anything but "low-risk."

Granted, I was something of an extreme case, but my experience teaching students at Florida State and the University of New Hampshire suggests to me that quite a few students are dedicated to ways of knowing, also different from my own, that are privileged within their families and among their friends and marginalized in academia. For me, knowledge was *necessarily* received and authority came from only one source and that primarily via my grandparents and

parents. Any modification of my beliefs, any acquiescence to any of the beliefs of my peers or of the writers we were reading, any compromise, was a breach of faith, a breach between me and the revealed word of God and therefore between me and a God I knew and had experienced not only personally, but intimately. My grandparents', my parents', and my own belief that the Bible, though not inerrant, was the ultimate source of authority, I was told quietly, benignly, over time, was naive, quaint, even superstitious.

Perhaps.

Assertions of naivete, quaintness, ignorance strike me as more about status than anything else--the relative status not only of ideologies, but of individuals--and implicit in such assertions is an awareness of the *critical* component in the naive, the quaint, the ignorant. Because of my biblical literacy, I have always been analytical of, even at odds with, the broader culture around me, analytical in ways many of my peers outside my family and my church seemed not to be, analytical in ways some of my teachers and, later, professors were at pains to induce my classmates to be. And yet I feared at the time, and feel even now I was not mistaken to fear, my religious conservatism would have been perceived an even greater disadvantage than was my peers' cultural complacency: in fact, would have been perceived as a threat, an irrationalism, an extremism, a zealotry, terms implied by the less and less euphemistic term, "fundamentalist," a word that conjures up not just the book-banning, anti-sex ed school board member, the

country bumpkin preacher, the Gantry-esque televangelist, or the thin-lipped, big-haired, high-collared pundit, but the murderer of ob-gyns and prime ministers, the bomber of clinics, buses, and marketplaces, the massacer of secularists and the opposing faithful, some of the latter while at worship, the enslaver of women, the fanatical overthrower of governments.

This conflict--between my own past and present and between Hairston's cogent concerns and those of the colleagues she critiques--is an ongoing one, and a profoundly personal and painful one for me. Maxine Hairston would undermine the epistemologies upon which every thought, every feeling, every experience in my life was founded, but she would not have me undermine her own in similar fashion. I see the differences between Hairston and the "ideological" pedagogues she critiques as differences merely in self-awareness and emphasis. The socio-psychological impact of her classes on students like me can be as devastating.

As different as Hairston and Bartholomae appear to one another and as passionate as I've seen discussions between expressivists, on the one hand, and social constructionists and other postmodernists, on the other, become, they don't look all that dissimilar from a "Pentecostal" perspective. For some religious conservatives, they each describe a deconversion experience. That's not to say that's a bad thing. It is to say it's likely to be a traumatic thing and that some of what may be lost is a particular critical consciousness of dominant culture--not all

critical consciousness, but a particular critical consciousness, perhaps even an important capacity to critique the assimilationist processes the class asks these students to engage in. As I've suggested was true of my own experience, I came to college believing I could be both "educated" and Pentecostal, assimilated professionally, and left all but untouched spiritually. At some point--and I've tried to relate some of the significant events along the way--I became convinced I couldn't be both. As I say, I'm convinced for some students some degree of deconversion is a given. In a phrase, my concern is that both teachers and students become more conscious and analytical of deconversion and the often traumatic, sometimes debilitating consequences of that process for students.

My thinking was complicated at Miami University-Middletown in ways my colleagues today may not intend when they use the term. Certainly, Giesler complicated my thinking, but so did two other professors in a quite different way, an approach that moved me more (in the many senses of the term, "moved") than had others. My hope for Tyler is that when he enters the academy, as I hope he will, he meets teachers like Jim Lehman and Paul Frisby, who, as I will suggest, began the next important phase in my intellectual development.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

IT IS THOU

March 1985

One knocked at the door of God and a voice from within inquired,
'Who is there?'

Then he answered, 'It is I.'

And the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee.'
So the door remained shut. Then the Lover of God sped away into
the wilderness and fasted and prayed in solitude. And after a year
he returned and knocked again at the door. And the voice again
demanded, 'Who is there?'

And the Lover of God said, 'It is Thou.'

Then the door was opened.

Jalaalu Ad-Dinu Arrumi

Meshnavi

Jim Lehman has asked that I drop by his office. He is a history professor at
J the Middletown branch of Miami University, where I am--at age twenty-
five--a non-traditional sophomore. He has asked to see me because of a
comment I have written as part of my response to an essay exam question. I
noted in my blue book that some of the material we've discussed in class reflects
our culture's fascination with the creation and its curious indifference for the
creator. I suspect I'm in trouble.

For the first time in my academic life, I seem to be looking for trouble. A
fortnight ago, I walked out of a film in my sociology class. Dr. Paul Frisby was

presenting a film on human sexuality. Two nude persons, one male, one female, rotated slowly on the projector screen. How can I watch this and call myself a Christian, I thought. I reached below my desk for my books and stacked them on my desktop. I hesitated for an instant. I can't do this. I can't watch this. I was sitting in the last rows of a room of over one hundred souls, the projector rested on the desk to my immediate left, and Dr. Frisby sat behind me. Decisively, I rose with my books in one hand, turned and reached with the other for my jacket hanging on the back of my chair. From the corner of my eye, I could see the surprise and displeasure on Dr. Frisby's face and felt pleased to find it there. I walked past him, then across the back of the room, anger growing in me with each step. I turned up the first aisle and strode toward the exit. In the dark, I heard my foot catch a plastic cup and dance across the floor, and I delighted in the distraction of it. In only another instant, I felt the doorknob in my hand, and I stepped out into the light.

My sense of having done something significant in Frisby's class evaporated days later during our next exam. I didn't find the questions I had anticipated pertaining to the film. Not one. I had been confident Dr. Frisby would take this opportunity to burn me, and part of the satisfaction for me had been to offer up my grades as something of a sacrifice. Neither God nor Frisby seemed interested in my sacrifice. Even more disconcerting, Dr. Frisby never mentioned the event and has treated me with only the utmost respect in the days

since.

Lehman won't disappoint me, though. He sits behind his desk, both his desk and his lap filled with student papers. Behind him, a window looks across the green to Gardner-Harvey Library. A little grey light streams in, the only light in the room at the moment. It illumines Lehman's tousel of white hair. He waves toward an empty seat and bids that I sit down. He chats with me a little, then, as if we may as well be doing something while we talk, he reaches an armload of student papers to me. His arm is thin. He's a short, small-framed man. Wiry, like my grandfather, my mother's father, a man who mined coal for thirty years and is dying of emphysema. I recite check pluses, check marks, and check minuses to him, and he records them in his gradebook. I am in his office for a half-hour, wondering if he remembers that it was his idea that I drop by.

Finally he says, "I just want to warn you what you're going to be up against at the Oxford campus." To my surprise, he doesn't say much more. He doesn't take me to task for what I have written. He doesn't disagree with it. He doesn't lower my exam grade for any perceived unresponsiveness. On the other hand, he does describe his own role in the churches he has attended, but again he doesn't elaborate to any great extent. Then he wishes me well and steps with me to the door.

I have little idea what has just happened. All I understand is that he has befriended me--and moved me profoundly both emotionally and intellectually (as

if those are ever two different things). So has Frisby. If Lehman and Frisby are concerned I will always be a Pentecostal and, as such, a threat in some sense to what they value most, they haven't let on and, ironically, have moved me more than those persons who have let on. I'm not sure what to think anymore.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

A PLEA REALLY

try to imagine what exam question I could have been responding to before
I Jim Lehman invited me to call upon him in his office. After all, it was an American History course. But then, my response wasn't to any one question on any one exam in any one course.

Now that I think about it, I appreciate even more Lehman's response to my response. Given that I inserted only a line or two in an otherwise responsive essay, I find it significant that he thought to talk to me at all. He could have ignored so easily my comment or merely written in the margin, "Yeah, I sometimes think so, too," or "What about this particular exam question evokes this response for you?" or "Please just answer the damn question." This is probably what I would have done, and the first two marginal comments above would have been my response. As a Comp teacher, I have the advantage of meeting with students in conferences bi-weekly and might address such a student's concerns then.

That Lehman responded at all to only a line or two and, more importantly, that he responded as he did impresses me all the more now. My comments were

a plea, really. I was overwhelmed by the choices college confronted me with. Not that Lehman or Frisby made those choices any easier. Then again, maybe they did.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

BODHI TREE

April 1985

Whither is God? . . . I shall tell you. We have killed him--you and I. All of us are his murderers. . . . Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the grave-diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God's decomposition? . . . Who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves?

Friedrich Nietzsche
The Gay Science

I'm making my way from Johnston Hall to the Gardner-Harvey Library at Miami University-Middletown. It is early Spring. The weather this time of year is notoriously grey in the Midwest, but today the sky is vibrant. Grass is coming to life again, turning richer and richer hues of green.

When I reach a point about halfway between the two buildings and while absorbed with the beauty and, more than that, the very life of this day, I find my attention focused momentarily on a small tree, a tree perhaps no more than twice my own height. Buds have appeared on its branches. It becomes, as it were, the foreground of a photo, the background of which is a small rolling hill behind Gardner-Harvey, a stand of trees near the top of the hill, and above all that what an old gospel song calls "the beauty of an unclouded day."

"All this would be just as beautiful," I think, "the grass just as green, the sky just as blue, this tree just as beautiful if there were no God."

The thought startles me. I think to push at it, move it, roll it out of my way, but I can't. I don't even seem to want to. "No, think about it," I say to myself. "It's true." I study the tree as I pass, seeing it with tentatively atheist eyes, and it's true, the young tree no less miraculous, perhaps even more miraculous, and no less breathing and budding and beautiful. The sky, not a shade less blue. The grass, veins fairly bursting with chlorophyll. Just the same, and not the same at all.

As am I.

I know what has happened to me. Before this moment, I am Pentecostal, certainly troubled by the challenge my classes at MUM have presented me with--challenges my friends at Ferry Road Full Gospel Tabernacle have anticipated, warned me about, then expressed concern about as they see me contend with these challenges in the nearly two years since I began classes--but Pentecostal nonetheless. Now I'm not.

I am as profoundly changed, in every sense of the term "I"--intellectually, emotionally, "spiritually" (whatever that term means to me now)--as on the day I was saved while watching others be baptized in Caesar's Creek (named for a runaway slave adopted by the Shawnee, not for the Roman dictator--God's irony, not mine) then entered the water to be baptized myself. I say that suspecting no

one will be comfortable with the juxtaposition of the two, but it's true for me.

Each is one of the most vivid and consequential experiences of my life. Each is a conversion experience. In each instance, I become someone I have not been before, and though there is certainly carryover from the person I was to the person I become, I am a significantly different person after each, and the world is a profoundly different place for me, especially after this last, despite my assertion of only a moment ago that it wouldn't be.

This trip to the library seems the culmination of my learning at MUM. It is as if I have done now what two years ago I came here to do.

CHAPTER TWENTY

SEEING BEHIND THE PROPS

What I cannot do is imagine the girl I was at twelve becoming the girl I was at fourteen. I remember the emotions vividly--at twelve, adolescent confusion tempered by the security of family, a sense of trust, openness, innocence, I guess. By the time I was fourteen, I felt only anger, loathing, a need to escape from the restrictions imposed by my parents and the church. Even now it scares me to understand how easily a soul may pass from one dimension of itself to another, as though the boundaries separating what we are and what we might become, given an infinite set of motivations and conditions, are little more than the line between waking and sleep, between story, memory, dream.

The most frightening thing of all is that each of those girls is still with me, both vulnerable and bitter, believing and hardened against belief. I could become one or the other of them again, I think, and so steel myself to become neither. And if I had to, which would I choose--the near child about to lose herself to spite and anger? or the near woman already there, calloused to the pain in her mother's eyes, the grim discipline of her father, the prayers of the church, her own sense of guilt and sure damnation?

Kim Barnes

In the Wilderness: Coming of Age in Unknown Country

Reexamining my journals from those years at MUM, I'm struck by how I found academic discourse first most persuasive at those points where I found it consistent with values and emphases I had internalized as a Pentecostal, often more consistent with those values and emphases than was I. At precisely those times I was ready to take Lehman and Frisby on, they treated me with generosity (what the Pentecostals I know would call "charity," the King

James translation of the Greek, *agape*). They were living principles it now seemed I was only espousing. And to some extent, I've come full circle, for after a period of many years emphasizing to myself the disruptions between Pentecostalism and academic discourse, I'm again struck by the connections and all the ways religiously conservative students may become allies of, not obstacles for, postmodern, multicultural teachers, in particular.

As a Pentecostal, I came to academia as already a critic of dominant culture, and had my emphasis been anything other than religious, this critical stance would have most likely been perceived as an asset, as (almost) academic. Rather, what I obviously wasn't able to conceal of my familial and regional heritages was described, by particular academics, as "myopic." There's no question I had a long road to travel intellectually, and I've traveled a lot of it, joyfully, in fact, but from my vantage as a teacher now, I question whether the road to be traveled is any shorter for some students of relative privilege or my perspective any more "myopic." I came to the academy critical of consumptionist culture, of the myths of "progress" (which had depopulated and then literally stripped the West Virginia hills where my mother was raised) and of "status," of the relative worth of human beings (which convinced kids down-hollow whose tarpaper homes had electricity and running water they were better than my mother and her brothers and sisters whose tarpaper home had none). The process of "sanctification," preliminary for some Pentecostals to the "in-

dwelling" of the Holy Ghost, is, in fact, a peeling away of layer after layer, literally and psychologically, of "worldliness." For the Pentecostals I know this means not only a rejection of behaviors believed to be unethical, but of identification with Wall Street and Madison Avenue, Hollywood and Sundance, Detroit and Nashville, Yale and Andover, identifications I was surprised to find called into question in university classrooms in Middletown, Oxford, Tallahassee, and Durham, as well.

That the process of "sanctification" could find even fuller expression, arguably, at school than at home or church, came as more of a surprise to me. Though my mother and father always instilled in my sister and me a remarkable sensitivity for persons, for peoples, marginalized in our culture, my family, nuclear and extended, was what I would now identify as racist, particularly during my childhood ("Black people are as good as white people," my parents would say, "but it's not good to mix"), and as patriarchal, as is perhaps best illustrated by my grandmother's life of ceaseless labor (in a number of senses), described earlier. What sensitivity my parents did have was hard-won, a consequence of the harsh conditions in which they grew up and out of which, even much later, they seemed unable to work their way. As imperfect as it was, my father's identification with persons in some ways like him while in other ways different from him proved to be a bridge between home and school. When I first read Alice Walker and Toni Morrison in a Women's Studies course, the first

African American novelists I had ever read, I found persons who spoke to my own experiences in ways no one I had read before ever had. In particular, Morrison's *Song of Solomon*, because it focuses on a Southern family displaced to the North, resonated with my own experience. Nonetheless, the fact that such a resonance came as a *surprise* to me emphasized for me the discrepancies between the egalitarian values my family espoused and those less-than-egalitarian values we, in fact, lived.

This isn't to suggest the academy is (simply) about the same work as religious institutions in this country. I'm merely attempting to account for the impact college, as opposed to high school, made on me, to trace the trajectory of my thoughts, both conscious and unconscious, at the time. After all, the university is perhaps second only to television as the most explicit introduction to "worldliness" I experienced. Somewhat ironically, Bill Giesler taught me more about Western religious traditions than did my critically ahistorical family and church. At the same time, because I majored in liberal arts, I found that "worldliness" being critiqued even as it was being instilled in me, often instilled *and* critiqued by the same individual professors. Primarily, I want to make the point that at a significant point in my own learning, I was moved by what I perceived as connections between Pentecostal and academic critiques of dominant culture. Further, I want to stress that critiques of the status of African Americans and women in some of the first literature courses I took--to my mind,

critiques consistent with the most egalitarian values I privileged in scripture--helped to persuade me revelation had not ended with Christ, a conclusion, Harvey Cox would point out, not so much at odds with my Pentecostalism as I believed at the time. My parents, my aunts and uncles, my grandparents, many of my church family, and I sat on the sidelines, when we weren't seated on the side of oppression, during the Civil Rights movement. Jim Lehman and many other academics I was to meet in the years ahead had not. Fifteen years later, I still remember the feel of that realization.

I often talk in my own classrooms of "seeing behind the props." By that I have meant, I think, seeing what we take as realities as constructs particular to specific discourse communities. Specifically, my emphasis has long been on academic culture and discourse as something other than a given, as something one can peer behind, as it were, to view the unreality, the impermanence, the malleability--in a phrase, the responsiveness--of the constructs we call learning and knowing. Nothing particularly startling in any of that. But it has been only recently that I have realized how much this emphasis comes of my own experiences as a worker and Pentecostal who has become something other than what he had been (and I have struggled throughout this text to find an adequate name for what I have become). Having come not to believe most all I ever believed, it's perhaps not surprising that the world seems less than substantive to me, but also much more malleable than did the world I believed in as a

Pentecostal. Academia has permitted me to glimpse behind the props of Pentecostalism and, just as importantly, Pentecostalism has permitted me to glimpse behind the props of the academy.

When viewed conventionally from either a Pentecostal or an academic perspective, the person I was seems wholly inconsistent with the person I am today. From a Pentecostal perspective, the person I am become is "lost," "backslidden." Having once put my hands to the plow, as Pentecostals say, then turned back, I am unfit for the kingdom of heaven. For some, I exist only as an example of what becomes of a Pentecostal when the fire burns out. From an academic perspective, I may be almost as questionable a character, an academic with all this Pentecostal baggage to carry around. With such nominally anti-intellectual roots, can I ever be truly an intellectual? Will my latent anti-intellectualism and, worse, evangelicalism assert themselves at the most inopportune moments? And yet, given time and space by academics like Lehman and Frisby, I discovered connections beneath the seeming contradictions, timbers common to these two constructs--Pentecostalism and academia--connections particularly important to me as a fledgling academic and increasingly important to teachers as more students like the student I was, working-class, first-generation academics, of whatever faith, but faith-centered, win admittance to university classrooms.

NOTES

1. Maxine Green, "Teaching for Openings: Pedagogy as Dialectic," *Pedagogy in the Age of Politics: Writing and Reading in the Academy*, eds. Patricia A. Sullivan and Donna J. Qualley (Urbana: National Council of Teachers of English, 1994) 1.
2. Stephen R. Barrett, "The Journals of Stephen R. Barrett: Volumes 1-34." Unpublished ms. 1980-1997.
3. Ronda Leathers Dively, "Religious Discourse in the Academy: Creating a Space by Means of Poststructuralist Theories of Subjectivity," *Composition Studies/ Freshman English News* 21.2 (1993): 91-92.
4. George Eliot, *Adam Bede* (New York: Oxford UP, 1996).
5. See, for instance, Marsha Penti, who in her study of "exceptionally traditional" Finnish Apostolic Lutheran students at Michigan Technological University found many of these students to be "skillful 'A' students" (4). Like Dick Hebdige's postwar adolescents, Penti's Finnish Apostolic Lutheran students were able "to read culture, to read the ways hegemony works to win and shape consent so that the power of dominant meanings and dominant groups appears natural and beyond question" (Hebdige 101, Penti 7). Additionally, as Penti asserts, the students in her study "even made interesting alliances, such as with feminist thought," citing their insights into constructions of women in advertising in dominant culture (7), insights not typically attributed to religious conservatives.
 It should be noted Penti was able to identify at least one of the students in her study as a religious conservative because of the distinctive dress of some Finnish Apostolic Lutherans. Many other religious conservatives are not so easily identified and unfortunately for us teachers contribute little to our understanding of the diversity of abilities, beliefs and practices among such groups.
6. Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure* (1896; Harmondsworth, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1978) 64.
7. Sherwood Anderson, *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919; Bergenfield, NJ: Penguin, 1992).
8. Sherwood Anderson, *Poor White* (1920; New York: Viking Press, Inc., 1966).
9. Barbour's notion of deconversion is informed by Helen Ebaugh's of "role exit." See her *Becoming an Ex: The Process of Role Exit* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1988).

10. What the Pentecostals I know refer to as "salvation" other Christian salvationist sects refer to as a "rebirth" or a "born-again" experience, a phrase Southern Baptist Jimmy Carter helped significantly to bring to national consciousness during his campaign for the U.S. Presidency in 1976. The experience is considered a "conversion," a transformation. One becomes something other than what one was. Though I was raised from earliest memory to believe in Pentecostalism, I was an adult before I had a conversion experience which signified to my Pentecostal peers that I was "fully persuaded," as Saul of Tarsus might say, that I had accepted fully Christ's intentions for me, and that I was "saved."

11. See, in particular, Bartholomae's "Inventing the University," *Journal of Basic Writing* 5 (1986). I have my first-year students read "Inventing the University," in addition to many others of the articles giving shape to the field (and to the persons we teach). I've always been troubled by the sense when reading from our journals of our talking behind students' backs, and rectifying this has been one of my motives for sharing these articles with students--as has been my advocacy of Composition as a field with a content of its own. Many of the persons I've taught are as taken with Bartholomae's constructions of some students--that is, as "basic writers," a class of writers with whom many of even the most skillful of my writers identify--as they are with Nancy Sommers' constructions of students in "Revision Strategies," which is to say, little if at all. I must admit, I was taken by surprise at first by students' responses to Bartholomae and Sommers. My interest had been to share with students a number of findings and insights in these and other pieces. I hadn't given any thought apparently to what it might be like to read these works as a student, to feel *I* was being constructed by Bartholomae and Sommers in these terms. Nonetheless, I continue to assign Bartholomae and Sommers to my first-year writing students because I value these Compositionists' insights and can anticipate that classrooms discussions of their portrayals of students and of issues of audience and persuasion will be among the liveliest of the semester. As is to be expected, Bartholomae's focus in "Inventing the University" is on students as writers, as (marginal) members of the academy, and as citizens in a representative democracy. As well it should be. As is my own. At the same time, I strive throughout this text and in my classes to emphasize students are members of more primary (to them) discourse communities, *some* of which may be (perceived to be) at odds with those of the academy, but *all* of which primary discourses may enrich academic and otherwise dominant discourse communities.

12. See Sandra Bartky, *Femininity and Domination: Studies in the Phenomenology of Oppression* (New York: Routledge, Chapman and Hall, Inc., 1990), Susan Bordo, *Unbearable Weight: Feminism, Western Culture, and the Body* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1993) and Jana Sawicki, *Disciplining Foucault: Feminism, Power and the Body* (New York: Routledge, 1991). Bartky, Bordo, and Sawicki elaborate and critique from feminist perspectives Foucault's notion of "docile bodies." For a discussion of these issues as they pertain to Composition Studies, see Michelle Payne, "Bodily Discourses: When Students Write about Physical Abuse, Sexual Abuse, and Eating Disorders," diss., U of New Hampshire, 1997.

Of particular note here are similarities in teachers' responses to student writing about bodily violence, as described by Payne, and to student writing about issues of faith, as described by Chris Anderson, Ronda Leathers Dively, Richard Miller, and Marsha Penti. Many teachers become uncharacteristically reticent when responding to such student texts. A few others are provoked to outright anger. Such student texts are cited as a negative consequence of expressivist pedagogies, in particular--an erroneous assertion, as Payne demonstrates. More to the point, the teachers Payne interviews say they are not equipped to deal effectively with student writing about abuse. Additionally, they are troubled about how to respond to and evaluate such student writing. Similar teacher concerns--institutional and personal concerns-- seem to obtain with respect to student writing about faith. All these concerns strike me as disciplinary concerns, Foucauldian concerns, concerns with where lines lie--lines between reason and emotion, between teacher and therapist, between church and mosque and synagogue and state, between epistemicist and expressivist, between public and private, between teacher and student, between one's own past and another's present, between help and harm, between harm and even more harm.

13. A premise of ecofeminism, for instance. See Irene Diamond and Gloria Feman Orenstein, eds., *Reweaving the World: The Emergence of Ecofeminism* (San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1990); Sandra Harding, *Discovering Reality: Feminist Perspectives on Epistemology, Metaphysics, Methodology, and Philosophy of Science* (Boston: D Reidel Publishing Co., 1983); Alison Jaggar and Susan Bordo, eds., *Gender/Body/Knowledge: Feminist Reconstructions of Being and Knowing* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP, 1989); Carolyn Merchant, *The Death of Nature: Women, Ecology, and the Scientific Revolution* (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1980); Judith Plant, *Healing the Wounds: The Promise of Ecofeminism* (Philadelphia and Santa Cruz, CA: New Society Publishers, 1989).

14. Nancy Welch, "Resisting the Faith: Conversion, Resistance, and the Training of Teachers," *College English* 55(1993): 387ff. I hesitate to use the salvationist terms I do here, knowing from past experience how they may be interpreted. Often, it seems to me, such terms are deployed as a criticism of the the particular teaching practices under discussion, as in the case of I. Hashimoto's "Voice as Juice: Some Reservations about Evangelic Composition" and even in the case of Welch, cited here. Both Hashimoto and Welch deploy salvationist metaphors for particular, almost certain effects, it seems to me, among them, repugnance from their academic audience and, ironically, contrition from the academics they discuss. As one may expect, their a priori dismissals of salvationist discourse disturbs me. That's not quite what I am getting at when I suggest there are continuities between academic and primary--in this case, religious--discourses. More on the continuities I *do* see in the pages ahead.

15. Nigel Nicolson, *Portrait of a Marriage: Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson* (New York: Atheneum, 1973) 106.

16. See Pierre Bourdieu, *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgment of Taste*, trans. Richard Nice (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1984).
17. Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891; New York: Oxford UP, 1981) 3.
18. Philip Lopate, "The Story of My Father," *Creative Non-Fiction* 8 (1997) 18.
19. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *Chapters from a Life* (North Stratford, NH: Ayer Publishing Co., 1980) 1.
20. My memory of details in these stories is refreshed by Willard Thomas and Lillian Sams McHone, *The Barretts of Clay County, Kentucky* (Richmond, Kentucky: Willard Thomas McHone and Lillian Sams McHone, 1996) 97, 105-110, 115-117, 121-126. Tom's and Lillian's history, a result of their five decades of genealogical research, is archived at the library of the Clay County Historical Society, Manchester, Kentucky. It has proven an invaluable resource to me and Tom and Lillian dear friends.
21. Arthur Barrett, personal interview, 1974. Verbatim.
22. McHone and McHone 107-110.
23. See my discussion of Deborah Vansau McCauley and Appalachian mountain religion below for clarification of these two terms. I have long understood distinctions between the two--the earlier Holiness movement arising in the mid-nineteenth century among wesleyans discontented with a perceived moral laxness and an expressed disavowal of charismatic phenomena among Methodists generally. These critics felt compelled to leave Methodism and create their own "Holiness" churches. Pentecostalism, on the other hand, is primarily a twentieth-century development, some, but not all, Pentecostals sharing the Holiness emphasis on moral perfection ("sanctification"), the two--Holiness and Pentecostalism--distinguished primarily by Pentecostals' emphasis on charismatic phenomena, particularly xenoglossia or "speaking in tongues," as a manifestation of the "indwelling" or "baptism" of the Holy Ghost. This baptism of "fire," as John the Baptist calls it (*Luke 3:16*), some Pentecostals believe to be a "third work of grace," consequent upon "salvation" ("first work") and "sanctification" ("second work").
 My own confusion has always been that my grandparents' and parents' beliefs and practices seemed to me "Pentecostal," not (just) "Holiness," "third work" rather than "second work (only)" wesleyanism, as it were. It was not until I read McCauley while researching this book that I understood my grandfather was making distinctions between Pentecostalism as it has developed in Appalachia, where strong ties with wesleyan Holiness have generally obtained, from Pentecostalism as it has developed elsewhere in the United States. In part because of my grandfather's conflation or inversion of "Holiness" and "Pentecostal," I find convincing McCauley's assertion that Appalachian "Holiness-Pentecostalism" shares more of the emphases of other Appalachian, non-Pentecostal sects than it does a the emphases of a number of Pentecostal sects elsewhere in the country, a point I will make much of later in this book.

24. Delbert Barrett, personal interview, 1-2 July 1995.
25. Anita Shreve, *The Weight of Water* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1997) 48.
26. Hartsock, Phyllis. "'Largest' Crowd Attends Funeral." *Dayton [Ohio] Daily News*. November 14, 1964.
27. Edmiston, Martha. "One Thousand Mourn Pastor at Funeral Service." *Dayton [Ohio] Journal Herald*. November 14, 1964.
28. Unless noted otherwise, the information in this and the following paragraphs compiled from an article by Acy Lamb, son of Rev. James P. Lamb, "The Life of James Preston Lamb," *Poets in the Kitchen*, ed. Stephen R. Barrett. 1.3 (Autumn 1996): 1-16 and 1.4 (Winter 1996): 1-10.
29. Alene and Sherman Cook, "Letter to the Editor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.3 (Autumn 1996): 16.
30. Alene and Sherman Cook, personal interview, January, 1995.
31. Delbert Barrett, personal interview.
32. Fannie Barrett Smith, "Letter to the Editor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.1 (February 25, 1996): 11-12.
33. George Eliot, *Adam Bede* (1859; New York: Oxford UP, 1996) 26.
34. This is a story I've heard all my life, first from my grandmother, then from my father, Delbert Barrett, who heard it all his life. My father says he heard it first from his grandmother, Lucinda Jones Powell, the person who experienced these events and who is the subject of this chapter. It was retold most recently by my father during an interview conducted in his Trenton, Ohio, home, July 1-2, 1995.
35. Oscar Barrett, personal interview, 13 May 1995. Mr. Barrett is a grandchild of Joseph P. Powell.
36. Faye Rena Burnette, personal correspondence, January, 1996.
37. James Herbert Powell, personal interview, 9 October 1994.
38. Faye Rena Burnette, "Letter to the Editor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.1 (February 25, 1996): 10-11.
39. Burnette, "Letter," 10
40. C. Jerome Parker, personal interview, July 1994

41. James Herbert Powell.
42. This poem was clipped out of the *Berea* [Kentucky] *Citizen* when it first appeared and preserved for more than seventy-five years by Fannie Barrett Smith. Volume, issue and page numbers not available.
43. For more on the death of Joseph "Pistol Joe" Powell see Faye Rena Burnette, "Letter to the Editor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.1 (February 25, 1996): 10-11 and "The Death of 'Pistol Joe' Powell," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.2 (May 25, 1996): 6 and 11.
44. These details and those that follow are from Faye Rena Burnette and Hazel Powell Downard, "Portrait of a Survivor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.4 (Winter 1996): 8-9.
45. These details and those that follow are from Fannie Barrett Smith, "Letter to the Editor," *Poets in the Kitchen* 1.3 (Autumn 1996): 17-18.
46. Quoted in Iain MacRobert, *The Black Roots and White Racism of Early Pentecostalism in the USA* (New York: St. Martin's P, 1988) 48.
47. Quoted in Clarke Garrett, *Spirit Possession and Popular Religion: From the Camisards to the Shakers* (Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1987) 9. For other accounts of the Montanists and their significance to Pentecostals and other glossolalic christian sects, turn to Robert Anderson, *Vision of the Disinherited: the Making of American Pentecostalism* (Peabody, Massachusetts: Hendrickson Publishers, Inc., 1979) 24-25; George Barton, *Speaking with Tongues: Historically and Psychologically Considered* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1927) 35; Frederick Dale Bruner, *A Theology of the Holy Spirit: The Pentecostal Experience and the New Testament Witness* (Grand Rapids: William B. Eerdmans, 1970) 36; Harvey Cox, *Fire from Heaven: The Rise of Pentecostal Spirituality and the Reshaping of Religion in the Twenty-First Century* (Reading, Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1995) 50-51; Hans Lietzmann, *The Founding of the Church Universal* (New York: Meridin Books, 1963) 54-61 and 194-202; Iain MacRobert 6-7; and Reinhold Seeberg, *Text-Book of the History of Doctrines*, trans. Charles E Hay (Grand Rapids: Baker Book House, 1956) 105-106.
48. Stephen R. Barrett, *Journals*.
49. Charlotte Bronte, *Shirley* (1849; London, England: Penguin Books, 1974) 45-46.
50. Elaine Lawless has studied testimonies in particular depth. See her *God's Peculiar People* and *Handmaidens of the Lord* for detailed analyses of this ritual, including the text of a number of testimonies she taped during field work among Pentecostals in Indiana and Missouri. "Testifying" is perhaps tertiary only to salvation and Holy Ghost baptism in the ritual life of many Pentecostals. Lawless points to this ritual as particularly empowering for women, for some an entre into preaching or pastoring responsibilities, for others, denied those responsibilities, something of a response, a

corrective, even a protest(?) to such restrictions.

51. Here I extend an argument I first encountered in Deborah Vansau McCauley's invaluable 1995 study, *Appalachian Mountain Religion: A History*. She contends that until recently many sociologists studying Appalachian culture have been unduly influenced by the biases of seaboard missionaries who throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries came to the region, as she says, to save Appalachian mountain people from Appalachian mountain religion. She quotes Loyal Jones who has written that "... never have so many Christian missionaries been sent to save so many Christians than is the case in this region [Appalachia]" (340). Moreover, as she states, these influential missionaries were inspired for their part by a sense that power in the Republic was shifting from the Atlantic seaboard to the Old Southwest, a perception given particular picquancy early on by the election of Andrew Jackson as the nation's chief executive. In the wake of Jackson's first failed attempt at the presidency, Andover Theological Seminary student John Maltby writes:

The hundreds and thousands of populous towns and cities which stretch along the shores and cover the hills and vallies [sic] of the Atlantic states will soon cease to characterize our nation and sway its councils. They will soon come to be but a small minority compared with the millions that shall roll in wealth and luxury beyond the Allegheny, and even beyond the Mississippi. (McCauley 372)

For more on the interstices of church, state, and agora in the early nineteenth century imagination, see Charles Sellers' *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815-1846* (New York: Oxford UP, 1992), Timothy L. Smith's *Revivalism and Social Reform: American Protestantism on the Eve of the Civil War* (Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1980), Paul E. Johnson's "The Market Revolution," *The Encyclopedia of American Social History*, eds. Mary Kupiec Cayton et al., 3 vols (Old Tappan, NJ: McMillan Publishing Co., 1992); and Sean Wilentz' "Society, Politics, and the Market Revolution, 1815-1848," *The New American History*, ed. Eric Foner (Philadelphia: Temple UP, 1990).

The influence of missionaries like Schermerhorn and Mills (also Andover graduates) seems to me more general than McCauley suggests. Twentieth-century scientists like William James, G.B. Cutten, and A. Mackie seem to have taken like fish to water to the vitriol of generations of their colleagues across campus in the Theology Departments of their various colleges. Interestingly, as such simplistic East-West, urban-rural dichotomies became increasingly demographically untenable, both the conclusions and the tone of scientific studies of adherents of "coarse religions," particularly of practitioners of glossolalia, modified, and even reversed those of earlier studies. More on that later in the chapter.

52. I use the term "frontier" with reservations to describe the geographic parameters of the United States during this period, the parameters of a particular culture, and not the furthest reaches of human civilization, as the term has been (mis)used until recently. Vibrant indigenous cultures--rich in history, art, religion, and transcontinental trade--

flourished in the regions under discussion here long before the advent of Europeans. The perception of visitors from the eastern seaboard that the lives of European Americans west of the Appalachian continental divide were "narrow" seems to me an extension of the fear- and guilt-based bias against the original inhabitants of the region whose culture, after all, informed in invaluable ways that of the European Americans living in proximity to them. All of the specific critiques of a particular segment of immigrant culture I enumerate here and elsewhere in this book—that they are emotive, intuitive (rather than "rational"), unintelligent, "too idle, too talkative, too passionate," even "shiftless" and "pathological" were, of course, made of Native Americans, as well, as they were (and in some quarters continue to be) of all non-hegemonic groups in North American culture.

53. See particularly Timothy L. Smith, Jon Butler, *Awash in a Sea of Faith: Christianizing the American People* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1990), and Nathan O. Hatch, *Democratization of American Christianity*, New York: Yale UP, 1989).

54. McCauley 347-350.

55. An important study of the region and period Dwight ambles through and describes is, of course, Whitney R. Cross, *The Burned-Over District: The Social and Intellectual History of Enthusiastic Religion in Western New York, 1800-1850* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell UP, 1950). In addition to the Mormons and Shakers and other more noted Christian sects, the region gave rise to such less well known sects as Robert Matthews' Kingdom of Matthias. This last is the focus of a recent particularly well-written examination by Paul E. Johnson and Sean Wilentz, *The Kingdom of Matthias: A Story of Sex and Salvation in Nineteenth-Century America* (New York: Oxford UP, 1994).

A word of caution, however: Johnson and Wilentz appear to attribute to Charles Grandison Finney and the so-called Finneyites a number of religious reforms, particularly with regard to the status of women and children; of so-called anti-Finneyites, on the other hand, Johnson and Wilentz state:

. . . many (perhaps most) . . . plebian Christians detested above all the Finneyites' tinkering with the traditional father-centered family and the customary, scripturally approved roles of men and women. These anti-Finneyites remained grimly committed to the Old Testament patriarchy of their fathers—a hallowed family form that had dominated rural America when they were children, and that both market society and the Finneyite revivals seemed determined to destroy. (10)

Finney did, in fact, take a lot of heat for presiding at mixed male-female prayer meetings and revivals in which women testified as freely as men. And he was criticized by those who saw in the Bible a model (among many, many other models in the same source, it would appear) for nineteenth-century American families. But Finney did not invent revivalism nor the overt participation of women in revivals.

Nor were all of Finney's critics marginal to the dominant culture of the time, as was, in this case, Robert Matthews. As Margaret Lamberts Bendroth, Christine Leigh

Heyrman, and Deborah Vansau McCauley argue, some New England protestant elites were as troubled by the relative egalitarianism of religious practices on the frontier as was Matthews.

My point, in a phrase, is that Finney didn't invent expanded roles for women in revival services, and not all anti-Finneyites were about denying such roles to women. As McCauley, in particular suggests, those anti-Finneyites who would deny such roles to women were as likely or were even more likely to live near the Atlantic as near or in the Adirondacks. Schermerhorn, Mills and Dwight are themselves cases in point.

56. See Pierre Bourdieu, *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgment of Taste*, trans. Richard Nice (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1984), in particular. Bourdieu asserts that one's tastes--one's likes and dislikes, one's "gut," and, by extention, seemingly "natural" responses--are socially constructed and therefore consequent upon one's class and education (99). Elsewhere, and more pointedly, he states, "tastes are perhaps first and foremost distastes," one's responses not so much preferences for one thing as revulsion for another thing constructed socially as it opposite (56). Given that revulsion is a common response to glossolalic and other pneumatic phenomena among many dominants, Bourdieu's emphasis on revulsion and on the class- and education-based mechanisms at work when one "has" such a response is particularly illuminating, suggesting such a response is as much (or more) about establishing and maintaining a dominant's status in society as it is about recognizing, acknowledging, or understanding anything of the phenomena in question (and the persons experiencing them).

57. H Newton Malony and A Adams Lovekin, *Glossolalia: Behavioral Science Perspectives on Speaking in Tongues* (New York: Oxford UP, 1985) 84-85. The studies I cite are described in some detail.

58. Malony and Lovekin 87-91.

59. Stephen Carter, *The Culture of Disbelief: How American Law and Politics Trivialize Religious Devotion* (New York: BasicBooks, 1993)

60. Robert M. Anderson, *Vision of the Disinherited: the Making of American Pentecostalism* (Peabody, Massachusetts: Hendrickson Publishers, Inc., 1979); Cox, *Fire from Heaven: The Rise of Pentecostal Spirituality and the Reshaping of Religion in the Twenty-First Century* (Reading, Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1995); Harvey Cox, "The Warring Visions of the Religious Right," *The Atlantic Monthly* (November 1995): 59-69.

61. McCauley 28-29.

62. "The G.I. Bill: the Law that Changed America." *The American Experience*. Public Broadcasting Corporation. 22 Oct. 1997.

63. Donna Qualley, *Turns of Thought* (Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann/ Boynton Cook, forthcoming) n.a.
64. Thomas Newkirk, *The Performance of Self in Student Writing* (Portsmouth, NH: Boynton Cook/ Heineman Publishers, Inc., forthcoming) n.a.
65. Kay E. Morgan, "Bloodtalk: Daynotes of a Psychotherapist," *Creative Non-Fiction* 8 (1997) 73.

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